

THE ACADEMY

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LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by CECIL COWPER and E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MR. BALFOUR rose to the occasion in his speech at the Albert Hall, and gave the Unionist Party a worthy lead. The portion of his speech which is of especial interest is that in which he declared his readiness to submit the question of Tariff Reform to the test of the Referendum. In this connection the published letter of Mr. St. Loe Strachey forms a valuable basis for discussion on this most important question. Mr. Balfour, in his peroration, used these words: "Trust, and trust alone, the solid sense, the sound judgment, and the enlightened patriotism of the people of this country." What other infallible means of ascertaining the judgment of the people on a measure of fundamental importance can be suggested than the Referendum? A General Election presents to one party or the other a book of blank cheques, showing a sort of general confidence that they will conduct their administrative, executive, and legislative duties in accordance with the views of the majority of the electorate who have placed them in power. That general mandate embracing the three departments of government is, however, arrived at in a totally unscientific manner. A great quantity of subsidiary matters of local interest, or of sectional interest, influence certain voters, who, when they cast their votes, are mainly concerned with such questions as whether one or other of the candidates favours tramcars crossing bridges, or the prohibition of costermongers selling their wares outside tradesmen's shops, and kindred matters of comparatively trivial importance. A candidate blossoms into a member owing to his agreement with a preponderance of views locally on such questions. Bursting with importance, he imagines he is a latter-day Don Quixote authorised to destroy Constitutions, disestablish Churches, disintegrate the Empire. The poor man was only returned to do the work of the parish. Outside of that area, what is essential, if not the Referendum? Another point, to which we referred last week, is the absence of any proportional system affording an actual means of ascertaining the views of the electorate as a whole, and, again, another is the rough-and-ready method of assuming that uncontested elections balance one another. Surely when a reform of crucial importance is being carried through, it is worth doing thoroughly? The Conference of blessed memory—given men who were statesmen first and partisans afterwards—was an almost ideal agency for dealing with reformed relations between the two Houses, plus the Referendum. Difficulties such as the

precise form in which a reference could be made to the people so that no possibility of the issue being mistaken by the voter could occur, is a matter which requires the utmost care, and one with which an unbiassed tribunal would be best fitted to deal.

In a scholarly and acutely-written little brochure,* Mr. F. E. Smith has taken a bird's-eye view of the political landscape, with especial reference to the present antagonism to the House of Lords so industriously excited and encouraged by those who minister to the spirit of envy. Beginning with the year 1906, he traces this "stirring up for political strife of a common, slummy passion of which, in private life, everyone is ashamed." Liberalism degenerated into Radicalism, and finally joined hands with Socialism; with a taste of the joys of power it developed the lust for overwhelming authority, and the result has been, as Mr. Smith points out, the introduction of measures which should stir up the poor against the rich, obscure the real, clean issues which make for good, and bring about, if possible, the overthrow of the House of Lords.

Concisely, and in well-chosen sentences, Mr. Smith shows the absurdity of the clap-trap that is talked with regard to the "thwarting of the will of the people" by the Second Chamber. Supported by examples, he proves that the "thwarting" has been in the nature of a prudent check upon too hurried legislation, and that such a check is needed. "No country can afford to be governed by the young Man in a Hurry; so complicated are all public issues that deliberation is necessary before translating proposals into facts; every civilised nation (with a few contemptible exceptions) institutes means for ensuring such deliberation, and its exercise is never regretted. It is the absence, in fact, of a sufficient exercise of deliberation which is the well-grounded and often-heard complaint in most countries, and not the least in England." "The statute-book bristles with enactments," adds the author, "which it is difficult to repeal now that they are enacted, but as to which most men who understand them regret that legislative haste should have been established among our laws." We can only imagine what chaotic and mischievous bills might be drawn up and passed by hare-brained enthusiasts were the present judicious restrictions of the Upper Chamber removed; and we recommend all who wish to see the question discussed thoroughly and in a level-headed manner to obtain this clever little booklet.

Two eminent "professors of art and gymnastics" have been criticising the American woman, according to a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*. Of her mental equipment they have nothing to say, but it seems that she has so devoted herself to the craze for physical development that her sweetly feminine charms are being gradually eliminated, and her form year by year grows more to resemble that of the mere man. "Her feet and hands have become larger, her hips smaller, her shoulders broader, and her neck thicker. In no other country do you see such masculine figures as American women have." Artists are in despair; probably in a short time a league will be formed with the object of self-protection, and petitions will be addressed to the womanhood of America, beseeching it to remember that muscle and brawn cannot possibly take the place of beauty. Alluding to the women of other countries, the writer mentions the grace of the French woman and the motherliness of the German woman, but adds, to our sorrow: "In England her stateliness and dignity dissipate the slightest suggestion of the masculine." This is a most unkind cut; but we will bear up, for we feel sure that he means well.

We alluded last week to the romance of travel, and a remarkable instance of a ride on horseback which might have ended in tragedy has come to hand since then. Mr.

* "The Voice of the People," by F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P. (H. E. Morgan, 55, Fetter Lane, 6d. net.)

J. H. Bill, the British Consul at Shiraz, Persia, left that mysterious place, so suggestive of Omar and moonlit gardens, and veiled, peeping eyes, in April last, on horseback. He rode to Trebizond, on the Black Sea coast, took steamer thence to Constantinople, and entrained for Monastir. From there he pursued his journey on horseback across Europe, via Montenegro, Bosnia, Tyrol, and the Black Forest, to the Vosges. Altogether he travelled over two thousand miles in this manner, and, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* humorously remarks, the latter portion of the ride must have seemed "like coffee and cigars after a rough-and-tumble meal," for before he was clear of Persian territory he and his escort had a lively brush with a body of bandits numbering sixty men—an encounter which resulted in fatalities on both sides. Mr. Bill has arrived safely in England, and we can admire his pluck without the slightest desire to emulate his achievement. If ever business or pleasure should call the home-loving Londoner to Shiraz, he will probably prefer to wait until that great railway-route to Bombay is open, and to drop off at the nearest junction.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, who has represented the ancient borough of Canterbury as a Conservative for a quarter of a century—for twenty-one of those years without opposition—is retiring from Parliamentary life. Although he has never been an ostentatiously "party" man, he will be missed sadly, for his name has often been prominent in measures that make for the public welfare. His reminiscences, as given to a representative of the *Observer*, are most interesting; a man cannot have sat in Parliament through the periods when men like John Bright, Gladstone, Chamberlain, Morley were at their best without gathering a fund of good stories and illuminating incidents. Mr. Heaton alluded to the "statesman" who entered the House as successor to Peel. "For a moment or two all looked for something of the greatness of the departed leader. In ten days they had made him head of the Wine Committee." It does not take long for the assembly to appraise a man. "Heaven help the political bore, the hollow politician, or the humbug," said Mr. Heaton, "if he ever gets into Parliament, for he is discovered immediately." Of the former Postmaster-General's services, by which everyone who writes a letter benefits at the present day, there is no need to speak; enough to note that he will carry into his retirement the good wishes of all, whether they be of his own political beliefs or not. To do this after a Parliamentary career of twenty-five years is to have passed one of the severest tests of good-fellowship and tact.

A contributor to the *Times* discovered, a short time ago, that the Charing Cross railway-bridge is an ugly monstrosity, and suggested that it should be rebuilt on a larger scale as a memorial to King Edward, while at the same time the station, which is so familiar a frontage to all who journey City-wards, should be removed to the south side of the river. This is one of those charmingly light-hearted ideas which are very easy to conceive and to put into print, but which comprise rather a "tall order." We should hardly recognise the western end of the Strand without Charing Cross Station, and as for the bridge, we hold no brief for ugliness, but there is something stern and fine about it as it looms through the fiery glow of a November afternoon, smoky and grim, resounding with the roar of trains, flecked with pale wreaths of steam from impatient engines. The problem of the bridges is one of the penalties we have to pay for a city on both sides of a river, and it is always with us. A bridge serves us for a few years, and we suddenly discover that it needs widening; we widen it at an enormous cost (fortunately borne, as a rule, by a special fund), and then find that we want another bridge not far away. In the olden days ferries sufficed; in the days to come it seems as though the Thames will flow through a tunnel reaching from Chelsea to the Tower, and we shall stroll across to the Surrey side whenever and wherever we wish. . . . And then, along will come the books on "London's Vanished River."

THE SYBIL

Go, saint-like sybil, in thy crystal look,
And search thine own too fateful oracle;
Mark every time-intruding feature well,
And write the record of it in thy book.
Give me to read, at last, the polished scroll,
The golden prophecy, the perfect dream,
That I may learn by rote the changeless theme,
And add it to the volume of my soul.
For thence, methinks, the record came at first,
The doubting word which thou wilt change to truth,
Thou heardest me speak it in the heat of youth,
And thou on endless time wilt have it burst
Like a winged music which the spheres have sent
To waft to fame some mortal instrument.

I called thee Saint and Sybil; but I know
Thy dearer name is Psyche, whom I found
Reading from a sweet volume years ago
Under the trees in some enchanted ground.
Then thou didst fade in that dim blossoming,
So that I knew not what my eyes had seen,
Whether another joy had taken wing,
Another memory left where hope had been;
Only thy book was lying on the earth,
Showing a page all virginal and white,
And I, who in a volume of such worth
Did ever hope, but never dare to write,
Kept it till now. A little longer spare
The book, and then re-read what's written there.

V. L. E.

UNGOTTEN VOTES

THE news that there will be no opposition to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the tiny electoral division which returned him by no very decisive majority in 1906 is a tribute to the value which the Conservative party attaches to his oratorical efforts in the country. Every politician who is considered to be dangerous is opposed simply for the purpose of confining him to his own constituency. However hopeless the contest may be, the powerful man is gagged as regards outside efforts. So clearly is this seen that men who are unopposed regard such action as a slight. We doubt not that the Chancellor, who is a fighter, enacted his performances at Mile End and elsewhere in the hope that quaking Dukes would put up a candidate, so that Mr. Lloyd George's unholy language might be translated into Welsh and reserved for the delectation of the 3,000 electors who enjoy it, and who return him to the House of Commons as a type of literary taste and oratorical elegance.

A speaker who is as voluble as the Chancellor does not omit references by accident. He blessed his Budget and bored his audience at Mile End, but he made no reference to the prime absurdity of his career as a financier. He forgot, or at all events he would like others to forget, that charming tax which he evolved from some curious crannies in the brains of himself and of his guide, philosopher, and friend, the auctioneer's clerk—a tax on ungotten minerals!

Who does not remember the ridicule which Mr. Harold Cox poured from the Radical benches on this proposal? Mr. Cox cited various ungotten objects which might with equal sense and equal possibility have occurred to an active brain as suitable for the imposition of taxation. If ever ridicule slew swiftly and surely, it did so in the case of that proposal.

There has been a disposition in some quarters to question the propriety of a literary periodical entering the political lists. It is not perhaps quite easy to remember, in these days, that literature may be conveyed by word of mouth as well as by writing; it is not, perhaps, easy to remember that the science of government has been a theme with which literary masters have always dealt. Mythical government by Homeric gods, Biblical government by Moses and Solomon, government by the Cæsars, have all appealed to and been delineated by literary men. Literary giants—Aristotle and Aristophanes—dealt with politics. In "Lysistrata," which was recently staged in London, the political side of women's rights is dealt with in a vein of farce. There is no divorce between literature and the discussion of politics as the science of government.

The sole ground of objection, therefore, which can be urged, and which sometimes is urged, against literary notice of contemporary politics is referable to the methods which some men in the arena adopt. It is said that party politics are not clean, and that it would be absurd to apply such an epithet to much party oratory. What connection has literature with vote-catching or Limehouse? The answer is that government is largely conducted on those lines in these days, and to disregard them entirely is to subtract a legitimate field from the area of literary criticism. We pass from an objection which we claim to have met.

In one of the most momentous crises through which the nation has passed, it may be contended that a force which may give tone and may do something to raise to a higher level national debate, is under an obligation to fulfil the function.

Without undue bias, it is permissible in the interest of sound decision by the electorate to blame with severity language which does nothing to illuminate, although it does much to inflame, the public mind. Votes are only honourably obtained as the outcome of conviction honourably imparted. A mere quest for ungotten votes in which every distortion and trick is resorted to, every unworthy passion appealed to and inflamed, is a disgrace and an injury to a popular system of government.

Consider the lucid and level language of Mr. Chamberlain in expounding his policy of Tariff Reform; cast the mind backward to the elegant diction and persuasive arguments of Mr. Balfour in its support; observe the courageous and straightforward fighting of Mr. Bonar Law to bring the policy to fruition. It cannot be denied that such gladiators are worthy of their cause. It is not necessary to invoke the shades of Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone at their best to learn the lesson of how a people may be legitimately led.

The opposite school are not entirely without worldly wisdom. They believe in the truth of the maxim, "Les passions sont les seuls orateurs, qui persuadent toujours." Cynicism, however cogent in its effect, is an unfair weapon with which to pervert credulity and comprehension. To substitute passion for reason, slander for truth, and garbage for enlightening instruction is to degrade government to a depth which we do not care to characterize.

DISRAELI *

THE study of politics involves, perhaps to a greater extent than does the examination of any other sphere of human endeavour, the study of personality. In the domain of art a man's work is often familiar to multitudes of people who know practically nothing about him, who have never seen him, and whose opinions are formed from data of contemporary criticism combined with occasional observation of his paintings. So it is with the scientist and the musician: the man is often hidden by the work—famous in one sense, unknown in another; and the same statement applies, though in a more limited degree, to the realm of literature. But the politician, *volens volens*, presents himself as a definite individuality. He is no scene-shifter—essential, but concealed from the public eye; he is the actor, requiring the centre of the stage, accepting the praises or the jeers of the crowd, holding his position as best he may against a score of others who would be delighted to hustle him into oblivion. Pleading, admonishing, declaiming, his voice is heard over a whole country—over a whole world, it may be—and the chief part of his evolution from a nonentity to a man of mark, from a mere person to a personage, takes place in the full glare of the limelight. No man in such a process can cloak his real nature successfully, one would imagine, for very long. He may assume disguises, but the very individuality which forced him to the front will presently render them useless. The keen politician cannot afford to be equivocal or mysterious, save in diplomatic or deliberative emergencies; he stands or falls, as a rule, by his candour.

Among the interesting personalities of the nineteenth century, both in politics and in literature, Benjamin Disraeli took a high place, and he was interesting precisely because even to those who were intimately acquainted with him he wore an air of mystery. He was an exotic. Born in England, loving England, he yet seemed to bring a breath of Oriental extravagance and Oriental inscrutability into this chilly, calculating clime. There were reasons, of course, for this. His grandfather, a descendant of the Spanish emigrants of the fifteenth century who had settled in Italy, became an English citizen in the year 1748, so that only fifty years or so intervened between that event and the birth of the future Prime Minister. His father, Isaac d'Israeli, is well known to all students of literature as the author of the famous "Curiosities," and of the "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors." In the second chapter of this finely written biography Mr. Monypenny gives a remarkably sympathetic sketch of the genial old man. Literary tendencies showed themselves in Isaac d'Israeli at an early age, and when, after "months of abstraction and irritability," he produced a poem, the crisis came. "For the first time," writes Disraeli, "my grandfather was seriously alarmed":—

The loss of one of his argosies, uninsured, could not have filled him with more blank dismay. His idea of a poet was formed from one of the prints of Hogarth hanging in his room, where an unfortunate wight in a garret was inditing an ode to riches, while dunned for his milk-score.

By the father's love for Pope, his strong affinity, as the author puts it, with the eighteenth century, the son who became so famous in another field was deeply affected. "We shall find, as we proceed, in subtle combination with very different matter, a certain eighteenth-century element in the intellect of the son which, unless we are to explain it by direct inheritance, was doubtless the result of early education and of constant intercourse during the impressionable age with a mind originally cast in the eighteenth-century mould."

In his schooldays at Blackheath Benjamin Disraeli seems to have been neither more nor less distinguished

* THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, Volume 1, 1804-1837. By William Flavelle Monypenny. (John Murray, 12s. net.)

than the average boy. We hear of him as shooting peas at the pedestrians from the top of the coach—a time-honoured pastime which has vanished in these days of swifter travel. In the holidays, however, he was fond of "playing at Parliament," and it seems significant that he always reserved for himself the leadership of the Government side. Later on, he developed into an intensely studious boy. At the age of eighteen he was wrestling with the Greek and Latin classics in his spare hours, while engaged in a tentative study of law at the offices of a firm of solicitors in the City:—

In the eager pursuit of knowledge he had his father's example to draw him on, and his father's experience, no doubt, to guide him; and it was at this time that he acquired the wide, though possibly superficial, acquaintance with books which we find even in his earliest writings, and that he laid the foundations of that really remarkable and highly unconventional knowledge of history, English and other, which he shows in all his works, and upon which he justly prided himself throughout his career. . . . But though the thirst for knowledge was present in the son as in the father, and the habit of dreaming was there also, and remained there till the end, there was that in the son besides which made it impossible that his father's fate should overtake him. . . . It is the supreme interest of his character that he combined in such high degree the qualities that make for greatness in either sphere, the brooding temperament and glowing imagination of the poet with the practical energy, compelling will, and daring initiative of the man of action.

In a style distinguished by dignity and clarity, yet not devoid of the amelioration of humour and shrewd comment, Mr. Monypenny relates the story of those extraordinary years of his hero's life when it seemed that journalism was to claim his sole energies. His intimacy with John Murray, at whose house he met men of note—Tom Moore was one member of the dinner-parties—and jotted down conversations which came in useful afterwards, led to the inauguration of the ill-fated *Representative*, a paper which was intended to rival the *Times*, but which was ruined by the feebleness of its first few numbers. The pages recounting this episode are as enthralling as a romance. Disraeli was indefatigable in his efforts for the success of the new venture. He went to and from Scotland, interested Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, and so impressed his fascinating personality upon everybody concerned that failure seemed impossible. Then came the end; and shortly after that the publication of "Vivian Grey," in which Murray considered himself satirised, strained the friendship between Disraeli and the famous publisher (who, by the way, was John Murray II.) so severely that amicable relations were not resumed for several years.

Before this, however, a disastrous craze for speculation had saddled Disraeli with a debt that harassed him until he was well advanced in his political career. At the age of twenty he owed several thousand pounds, and this enormous burden was not finally removed till he had led the House of Commons and become Chancellor of the Exchequer. Yet he had a remarkably good time for one so situated. He travelled, mixed in the best society, and the knowledge of his liability depressed him very little. For "Vivian Grey," published by Colburn in 1826, he received £200, and we can well believe that the young author saw fame and fortune within easy reach. Fame certainly smiled upon him fairly soon, by reason of his literary work, but he never lost faith in his capabilities of doing far greater things. "There is something within me," he wrote to his friend Evans, during a period of retirement and ill-health, "which, in spite of all the *dicta* of the faculty, and in the face of the prostrate state in which I lie, whispers to me I shall yet weather this fearful storm, and that a more prosperous career may yet open to me." On his return from the prolonged tour in the East which followed this seclusion, "Contarini Fleming" was published by Murray. Murray submitted the work to Milman (afterwards Dean of St. Paul's), "withholding the name of the author," says Mr. Monypenny; but we

should think that if, as was probable, and indeed almost certain, Milman was familiar with Disraeli's previous work, the concealment of the name was a mere futility. Disraeli's wonderful and ornate style could not easily have been mistaken.

It was at this time that his thoughts turned seriously in the direction of politics. Nothing is more arresting, in view of later developments, than his curious preliminary indecision as to which side he should support. "I am neither Whig nor Tory," he wrote; "my politics are described by one word, and that is England." "He wore," he declared, "the badge of no party." Forty-two years after we find him writing to a friend: "I have for forty years been labouring to replace the Tory party in their natural and historical position in this country. I am in the sunset of life, but I do not despair of seeing my purpose effected." What would he say to-day, could he be in the midst of the present appalling turmoil?

"Experience soon taught him," says the author, "that this indifference could not be maintained":—

He learnt in due course to pay the necessary tribute to convention, and as time went on he acquired some of the freedom which is the privilege of greatness. But in these early days his extreme detachment in the matter of opinion and allegiance was ascribed by the multitude of humdrum politicians to absence of political convictions. That he was without political convictions, however, was the exact opposite of the truth. He was a man overburdened with political convictions, not yet fully elaborated or harmonised into a system, but dear to him as the product of original and independent thought. If he had been content to wear the livery of either party, he could, with half the energy and ability he showed, have speedily forced his way into Parliament. But it was not in his nature to accept a political creed or programme ready made, or to stifle the instinct of criticism which was so strong within him. He was a political free-thinker at the beginning of his career as he remained a political free-thinker to the end.

He failed to enter Parliament at the contest for High Wycombe in 1832, but comes forward again undismayed, "wearing the badge of no party and the livery of no faction." At the succeeding General Election he was again defeated, and attributed his reverse to defective registration. A third attempt, at High Wycombe, in 1834, brought no better luck, and his fourth try—and fourth failure—was at Taunton, in 1835. We have a vivid description of his personal appearance by an eye-witness of this election worth quoting at length:—

Never in my life had I been so struck by a face as I was by that of Disraeli. It was lividly pale, and from beneath two finely arched eyebrows blazed out a pair of intensely black eyes. I never have seen such orbs in mortal sockets, either before or since. His physiognomy was strictly Jewish. Over a broad, high forehead were ringlets of coal-black, glossy hair, which, combed away from his right temple, fell in luxuriant clusters or bunches over his left cheek and ear, which it entirely concealed from view. There was a sort of half-smile, half-sneer, playing about his beautifully formed mouth, the upper lip of which was curved as we see it in the portraits of Byron. . . . Altogether, he was the most intellectual-looking exquisite I had ever seen.

We must omit, from considerations of space, the mention of very many happenings in this remarkable life. Mr. Monypenny carries his hero as far as his first political victory—his entry into Parliament as second member for Maidstone in the year of Queen Victoria's accession; but the principal interest of this record of Disraeli's youth lies, we think, outside politics. The gradual evolution of the thoughts and dreams of a boy into something stern and fine—this constitutes the charm; now one thing, now another, claimed the roving attention. At one moment he has exalted notions of being the poet of the age, and begins an epic; at another time he is plunged deeply into financial matters; again, he is apparently idle, luxurious, desirous of nothing but to drift through the world under a sky of eternal blue. So brief a *résumé* must miss numberless points which would interest different readers: the

delightful letters to his sister, for instance, in which intimacy we trace a remarkable resemblance to the comradeship of Pitt with his sister Ann—there are many pages of these which would bear quotation.

In his long and by no means easy enterprise Mr. Monypenny has been favoured by access to several original documents, although, as he admits in his preface, "it has not been possible to derive much assistance from extraneous sources other than those which are accessible to all"; but no hint of an apology is needed. If it were only for his analysis of the novels, and his deductions therefrom as to Disraeli's character and varying moods, the book would have been well worth the writing. As it is, it forms as scholarly and as comprehensive an account of the critical period of Disraeli's life as could have been wished for, and we take leave of it with a sense of many new lights thrown on a man who was not easy to understand. If the companion volume is as full of interest and insight as this, the course of political events in the nineteenth century will be laid bare in a manner which will leave nothing to be desired, for with the advent of Gladstone on the scene the historic duels of those strenuous days will be fought again before our eyes. To author and publisher the highest felicitations are due, and the extremely good reproductions of certain miniatures and pictures—now presented, we believe, for the first time—add greatly to the value of a volume which no student of politics (or, we might add, of human nature) can afford to miss.

GERMANY AS SHE IS—IV.

IN nearly every German town of consequence a stately opera house is to be found, where the people are wont to worship at the shrine of music; and it is the spirit of Richard Wagner that prevails in these temples of enchantment. Other gods there are, and many: gods from foreign lands, Italy and France, and dim, half-forgotten figures whose souls cry out across the years in bars of rapturous music. But it is the altar of Wagner which is ever decked with the freshest flowers. There, white roses, watered by the pure tears of virginal emotion, are mingled with rich, perfumed blossoms of a deeper hue. For to Wagner it was vouchsafed to evoke all the spirit of ancient Germany, to call to life the heroes of the *Nibelungenlied*, and to paint the depths of their sentiments; and the same spirit which animated those heroes, who loom like giant figures through the mists of time, is still to be found among the Germans of to-day. Civilisation and prosaic commercialism have suppressed it and mutilated its form; but the music of Wagner has known how to revive it, and in the twilight of the opera house the old spirit is awakened, and for some few hours can wander untrammelled in the realms of imagination.

It is hard for the uninitiated foreigner to share in this native devotion. For from Wagner's wondrous brain poured forth a mingled stream of music and poetry. In him these two so closely allied arts were united, and Wagner's claim to fame is based hardly less on his poetic works than on his musical. He alone has known how to unify dramatic poetry and music. And then, further, he seems to have had the painter's genius, in that in his fertile imagination he figured out the beautiful scenes in his operas. Doubtless with the necessary technical training he would have immortalised his figures on canvas. But as it is he knew how to paint his pictures with his fertile pen. Wagner, therefore, stands alone. He cannot be compared with any other musician or poet. Beethoven stands, perhaps, as the greatest producer of pure music. In his works emotion is produced by music alone. Goethe, who out of words alone knew how to form gods, is the greatest literary genius that Germany has known.

In Wagner the two talents are combined; his figures are painted with music-poetry. For these reasons it is impossible for anyone unacquainted with the German language really to appreciate the later Wagner operas. Further, Wagner has given living form to sentiments which are essentially German. Shakespeare, if this great name may be used for purposes of comparison, was a world genius. His works breathe a universal spirit, while in Wagner we find the expression of a nation's soul. The earlier Wagner operas, such as "*Rienzi*," "*Die Feen*," "*Der Fliegende Holländer*," and "*Lohengrin*," are less essentially German, and less music-poetry. The last-mentioned, however, by reason of the excessive "sweetness" of its sentimentality, proves distasteful to many foreign palates. Surely a great number of those foreigners who flock to the opera house when Wagner is to be played are carried there on the tide of fashion. Others go for positive reasons, or the love of spectacle; few for subjective or emotional reasons. And others there are who are content to sit through long, and to them unintelligible, passages, in order to enjoy the occasions when Wagner bursts into pure song, or to delight in the magnificent tableaux which his works afford.

The Wagner opera is largely dependent on its staging and orchestration, and it is seldom that anywhere out of Germany can singers be found to play his rôles with success. The orchestra accompaniment must, also, be in perfect harmony, or the stream of music-poetry is disturbed. Perhaps nowhere does one find all these conditions better fulfilled than at Munich. The individual singers, it is true, are not the greatest of their time, but the whole *stimmung*, as the Germans call it, is admirable. Strangely enough, one of the leading Wagner singers is a young American, Miss Fay, who comes from California. She is fortunate in possessing a magnificent voice, perhaps the best to be heard in the Munich opera, which she knows how to use with great effect. It afforded the writer of this article infinite pleasure to hear her sing Elsa in "*Tannhäuser*," although he was assured by the Germans that she failed in the rôle through lack of *seele*. This merely meant that she was not sufficiently deeply imbued with German sentimentalism. However, all are agreed in praising her acting and singing in Mozart's "*Figaro's Hochzeit*."

Italian and French operas are also frequently played, but in German. The staging is usually beautiful, and from a technical point of view the singing is generally admirable, but the singers lack the fire of the Latin races. Fierce and sudden Southern passions, as interpreted by Germans, become impregnated with that spirit of sentimental fidelity which is common to the German race. There are some notable exceptions to the rule, one of which is afforded by Frau Preuse-Matzenauer, who is supreme in the rôle of Dalila. In the first act, where she glides with a snake-like movement, full of grace and seduction, towards the hero of old Israel, her arms outstretched in feigned love's allurements; and again in the second act, where, her eyes filled with false tears of passion, she sings that melody, so full of beauty and tragic presage, which lures Samson to his doom, she seems the very impersonification of the rôle. And Herr Feinhals, who, whether he is playing the patriarchal Hans Sachs in "*The Meistersingers*," or the fiery Ethiopian king in "*Aida*," is equally at home. Fraulein Fursbender, who created such a sensation in London last January in the rôle of Electra, is one of the finest actresses in the Munich Opera; but her voice leaves much to be desired. The acting, on the whole, as represented by the minor lights, is not good. The actors are too conventional in their gestures, and too impregnated with the declamatory Wagner style, to play lighter operas with success.

It is hoped that a description of the opera of a great town like Munich will prove instructive, and that the personal element in the present article will be of interest, as most of the singers mentioned have either been, or are likely soon to be heard in London.

S. A. B.

Munich, November 26, 1910.

REVIEWS

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., AS CUCHULAIN

An Olive Branch in Ireland and its History. By WM. O'BRIEN, M.P. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

MANY years ago, when hunting at a bookseller's for some new volumes of genuinely inspired poetry, by a lucky chance we happened upon a slender volume by the now famous Irish poet, dramatist, critic, and mystic, Mr. W. B. Yeats. For frontispiece there was an illustration representing a gentleman in the conventional Northern warrior costume of two or three or more thousands of years ago, energetically exercising himself—not with the dumb-bells, but the monstrous sword of that remote period. He was standing, if we remember aright, with his back to the spectators, apparently on the shore of a stormy sea. In front of our hero gigantic waves were rolling on the beach, tossing their foaming crests, and behaving altogether in the approved manner of a tempest. For a moment we wondered what this noble figure could be doing all by himself on the lonely and evidently dangerous strand. The thought flashed across our mind for a brief moment that perhaps this was an Irish prototype of King Canute, and that his courtiers, whom space did not allow the artist to introduce into the picture, were waiting, somewhere in the foreground invisible to us, for him to speak immortal words to those same obstreperous billows. King Canute, it is true, had, we believe, a chair for his accommodation on the historic occasion to which we have referred. But then, who does not know Irish impetuosity? Could Cuchulain be expected to wait for a seat to be brought him? No, his ardent temperament would naturally urge him to magnificent gesture and sword-brandishing. And what was the result in either case? It was typical of the deep-seated, radical distinction between the Irish and English natures, which the long centuries have not succeeded in obliterating, despite even frequent intermixture of races. Whilst Canute, on the one hand, good-humouredly remarked to his courtiers on the stupidity of their pretending to believe that he had the least power to control the movements of the sea, Cuchulain, on the other hand, is represented in our picture as "fighting the waves." What an astounding, what a typical contrast! Is not that the occupation in which the Irish are ever engaged—"fighting the waves," combating the inevitable, the irresistible, fighting always, when not the waves, then among themselves, but fighting always, with a blind, senseless, futile pugnacity that seems to have no more real intelligence in it than the quarrellings of tigers and dogs and wolves?

That incessant, that lamentable desire for fighting, in season and out of season, that Kilkenny-cat or Donnybrook-Fair view of life is most deplorable in the eyes of any Englishman, most unintelligible, and, at the same time, most significant in the realm of politics. Such overmastering, uncontrollable hotheadedness, whilst it implies certain very valuable, even indispensable qualities, appears assuredly to imply also a certain incapacity for self-government. An army in which the commanding officers and the rank and file are all so set on fighting that they rush impetuously together upon the enemy, or in which the rank and file are so ungovernably impelled that they no longer pay heed to command; such an army is bound to be beaten, and is bound ultimately to be controlled by a cooler-blooded people. The first essential of all government, of all governing quality, whether exercised physically or intellectually, is an approximation to complete self-control. The Irish as a whole are constantly, both in ancient and modern times, seen to be considerably further from this desirable first essential than the English.

The present volume by Mr. William O'Brien, a representative Irish Member of Parliament of the best and noblest type, teems with illustrations of the peculiar native idiosyn-

crasies to which we have alluded. From that standpoint alone it is vitally important that all Unionists should procure a copy of the book, especially those few who seem to be wavering, or are suspected of wavering, under the blandishments of Mr. Garvin, the editor of the *Observer*—who, by the way, has a strangely Irish sounding name—or the incredibly silly letters published by the *Times* (of all papers in the world! Oh, for another Delane!) over the signature "Pacifcus," now asserted to cover the identity of some wretched, quite unimportant, totally unknown scribbler called, we believe, Oliver. What a lamentable weak-kneedness is here displayed! Most assuredly, if the Unionist antipathy and vigorously, victoriously active opposition to Irish, or any other Home Rule, were not founded upon natural and political first principles, then by all means let the United Kingdom be broken up into as many independent units as the fertile imaginations of doctrinaires may be able to conceive. Once begun, there need be no limit to sub-division. But, addressing ourselves to the vast majority of Unionists, who are now, and have always been, convinced of the necessity of maintaining the *status quo*, we ask them to remember that in no respects does the present position of affairs in the least necessitate the slightest modification of their views. The causes that killed Gladstone's Home Rule Bills are equally operative now.

As "Britannicus" kindly summarises the matter in one of our chief Radical dailies, their introduction was the price of a deal with the Irish vote; there was general indignation at the idea of the British Constitution, built up at such cost, being thrown into the melting-pot; it was rightly felt that Home Rule was but a stepping-stone to separation, and that two Parliaments would entail endless friction and suspicion, and possibly open war between England and Ireland; it was rightly feared that Home Rule meant Rome Rule, and that loyal and industrious Protestants were being handed over to the mercies of rebellious, predatory, and bigoted Roman Catholics; it was plain that Ulster was determined to fight rather than submit to be governed by a Roman Catholic Parliament in Dublin; and lastly, there was the unforgettable memory of the murderous outrages on man and beast committed, if not at the instigation, certainly without the active disapproval of the Nationalist M.P.s. Is not every one of these reasons for the most determined opposition to Home Rule as startlingly true at the present hour as it was in 1886 and thereabouts? None of the objections has lost one tittle of its validity. To turn again to Mr. O'Brien's very valuable and often interesting contribution to the inner history of the Irish political movement during the last few years; so far, of course, as the Nationalists are concerned. There is a great fund of information to be drawn from his 400 to 500 large pages of closely printed matter. No student of political history or of national psychology should omit a careful perusal of them; they will amply repay close study.

On the other hand, a lover of letters has a right to urge some complaint. Mr. O'Brien is a born speaker, one of the most eloquent and forcible that can be imagined, as anyone who has heard him can willingly testify. And, like many born speakers, even W. E. Gladstone himself, he is, taken generally, but a poor writer. The cause is simply that writing is not his special art, his peculiar medium of expression. The result is that his literary achievement, from an art standpoint, falls much below his oratorical. The perpetration of interminably long sentences is clearly one of the chief joys of his life. Ten to twenty or thirty lines are quite an ordinary length of sentence with Mr. O'Brien. Did he come to this office, he would, at our polite entreaty, at once sit down and write a sentence of 1,500 words—equivalent to about two columns of *THE ACADEMY*—without turning a hair or gasping for inspiration. This long-windedness, when left alone to enjoy itself at its own sweet will, has the rapid effect of confusing the mind and proving a deadly weariness to the flesh. Why did not Mr. O'Brien, we wonder, ask his gifted wife to revise and prune his ponderous periods?

Occasionally one is almost led to believe he could write much better if he tried really hard. That is when we come

upon some telling phrase, some vivid description of exciting moments, some illuminating flash of portraiture. What could be better than such a touch of nature as this?

"When Parnell and I met at Boulogne on December 31, 1890, he wore something of the pathetic air of a cedar struck by lightning, but of a cedar still erect and stately, and he approached our business with an assumption of unbending confidence in his own position and contempt for the 'seceders' which threatened to terminate the interview before ten minutes were over."

The cedar simile is surely surpassing, as those who happened to meet Parnell at that period of his fall would at once acknowledge. It conveys a wonderfully just impression of that ivory-pale and sombre man who, though stricken to death, was a fighter to the last. The concluding part of the sentence also conveys an accurate impression of hot-headed, unreasoning resentment of Parnell's attitude on the part of Mr. O'Brien. It is quite in the Irish style. There is no hint given of consideration for the bleeding-raw feelings of a terribly disgraced and ruined, but superbly proud, leader, clinging to any vestige of authority he might still lay claim to, like grim death. An Englishman in such circumstances, even under the greatest provocation, would have been very slow to take offence, most especially when, as in this case, a friend, almost an intimate, was in question. He would have entered into Parnell's feelings, would have done his best to enable him to "save his face." Not so Mr. O'Brien. He appears to have expected a Parnell on his knees! What a profound misreading of character!

This apparently uncontrollable impetuosity, this excessive readiness to be aggressive and bitter and revengeful, as well as the native tendency to be sincere, courageous, truthful, warm-hearted and loyal, explain much in the book that would otherwise be inexplicable to an Englishman. In Mr. O'Brien, who, we believe, has often prided himself as belonging to one of the most ancient and renowned of Irish stocks, as being descended, in fact, from those kings of Ireland whose records go back into the mistiest and, sometimes, most mythological of pasts, we are introduced to one of the most perfect types of those mysterious people who, as it has been pithily put, will "fight like devils for conciliation." When indeed the fight is over, forgetfulness of it and everything connected with it often follows quickly enough; but by no means always. It does not need this volume to inform us that there are feuds and vendettas in Ireland before which Sicily and Corsica may pale their ineffectual fires. Truly, for them the fight is the thing.

Ample proof can be found in this "History of an Olive Branch" (1). If any average, sensible, cool-headed Englishman can discover, after carefully reading it, what the quarrel is all about between Mr. O'Brien and Messrs. Redmond and Co., he must have verily quite a Shakespearean insight into human nature. For our part we have emerged scatheless of the least comprehension of the whole affair. We have certainly gathered that Mr. John Dillon, M.P., can be exceedingly brutal, stupid, and tactless upon occasion, and we have gathered unpleasant impressions about many other Irish M.P.s and politicians and publicists. Their methods of controversy and of suppressing adverse opinions by low trickiness, brute violence, bullying intimidation, and malignant libelling, fill an Englishman worth his salt with horror and disgust.

To pretend that milder forms of such methods are perfectly unknown in the heat of political strife in England would be to write ourselves down the sheerest hypocrites and Pharisees. But such extremes of language and action as the Irish permit themselves, not merely in the heat, but also in the cool of politics, clearly demonstrate them to be unable to control, to govern themselves—that is to have Home Rule—or to be independent in the degree to which they aspire. Several of the public meetings described by Mr. O'Brien read more like extracts from the diary of a bookmaker or a prize-fighter, than from the history of several years in the life of a statesman. Dr. Arthur Lynch,

M.P., who, if anyone, must know his Ireland, has recently observed:—

"It would take a skilful mariner to chart all these currents of Irish life. Mr. Lynch is alluding to the fact that whilst the most sympathetic of Englishmen may be treated with genial hospitality and kindness in one town in Ireland, in another hard-by he may be treated with the utmost hostility and rudeness. . . . After all, the qualities of the Irish and English are not contrary, and yet not like, but, so to say, reciprocal."

Gentle reader, what makes you of such cryptic utterance? To our mind, the unplumbed salt, estranging sea is between the English and their understanding of the Irish character. The most they can understand is that they are ever spoiling for a fight. So with Mr. O'Brien. When he has nothing special to fight against, we feel sure he goes to the nearest seashore, and brandishing his sword like the heroic Cuchulain he fights the waves.

RHODES THE MAN

Cecil Rhodes: His Private Life. By his Private Secretary, PHILIP JOURDAN. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a well-worn adage to the effect that no man is a hero to his own valet. To the term valet a wide interpretation is given, and this assuredly includes the private secretary. This generalisation, like many another proverb, is a hasty one, and in practice is qualified by many an exception. The true interpretation of the proverb takes the form of an extension. No man is a hero to his own valet, unless he be indeed a hero. Thus many of the world's heroes are in fact heroes to their valets as well as to the world in general, and pre-eminent among the world-heroes of his generation, and also of those which preceded it, stood Cecil Rhodes.

It is the fashion nowadays to create a literature around a man who has become prominent in the public eye, and the number of biographies of mediocrities that issue from the press year by year is sufficient to monopolise undue space in the general reader's library. By the multitude of estimable gentlemen who are thus immortalised in the catalogue of the British Museum, there is a danger that some of the real lights of contemporary life may become overshadowed. Such a risk, however, does not attend the subject of this memoir, for no matter how great the crowd, the star of Cecil Rhodes will continue to shine serenely far above all others. The biographies of most contemporary celebrities could well be spared, but any book that throws but a glimmer of light on the personality of Cecil Rhodes will always be welcome, and a book such as that of Mr. Jourdan will be thrice welcome and thrice welcome again.

Mr. Jourdan's book is a study of Rhodes the man, rather than Rhodes the statesman and empire-builder. Not that nothing of the more famous aspects of the Colossus appears within the pages, or that the author was merely the intellectual valet of his master, the human typewriter who carried out his instructions and nothing more. Mr. Jourdan's relationship to Cecil Rhodes, as appears implicitly or explicitly on every page, was that of son to father, and Rhodes' attitude towards him was that of a father who trusted him in everything. From the day on which Mr. Jourdan formally became his private secretary, no topic with which Rhodes was concerned, private or public, was concealed from him. All letters, even those marked strictly confidential, were opened by Mr. Jourdan, and very often replied to by him, even without consultation with his chief. So great was the confidence entrusted in him, that Rhodes never discredited his secretary's decision or let his correspondent imagine that the reply which he had received had not been dictated by himself. Rhodes was an ideal employer; he was kindheartedness,

thoughtfulness, consideration, appreciation personified, and Mr. Jourdan recognised whole-heartedly how fortunate he was in his service, and his response to his employer took not only the form of hero-worship, but of pure and deep affection besides. One of the results is that we have before us a volume permeated in every line with affection and admiration for its hero, a work which shows the *vie intime* of its great hero, a life which, despite the slanders that have been directed by the envious and the disappointed against it, could without hesitation be laid bare to the world, a book which arouses affection and enthusiasm for the hero and also for the author, a monument which the greatest and best among us may justifiably covet.

Mr. Jourdan was in intimate relationship with Cecil Rhodes during the last eight years of his life. The book opens when the latter was still a private member of the Cape House of Assembly, and when the author, as a boy, was but a distant admirer of his hero. When Rhodes became Prime Minister, Mr. Jourdan became more closely connected with him, but the period of absolute confidence did not commence until after the Jameson Raid. This period covered the Matabele rebellion, the War, and the subsequent years down to the final scene early in 1902. Mr. Jourdan was with his dying chief within an hour of the end which came quite suddenly, and the grief which overcame him and the others who had gathered from both hemispheres around the bedside testified to the place which this giant in his generation held in the hearts of his intimates. In reading the last pages of this book one can almost feel the tears which strong men shed when they learnt that Rhodes, the empire-builder and the generous friend of the poor and suffering, was no more. This gives the keynote of the whole volume, which is dedicated to the children of the Empire, "in the hope that they will continually and strenuously strive to emulate the lofty ideals of the subject of these reminiscences." In the building up of patriotism and fine character, this volume might well serve as a text-book.

Rhodes was a man of rare generosity and kindness of heart. Doubtless these qualities contributed not a little to attracting to him hosts of applicants for assistance both in money and in kind. Rhodes gave of his wealth lavishly, and although the total amount of his income was a quarter of a million, yet it would have been impossible to give to all who came to him, nor would one lifetime have been sufficient for him himself to have dealt with their applications. To such an extent was he beset by men and women who wanted favours or assistance, that he invariably avoided the front entrance to his house, and had to smuggle himself in by some side door. The sight of suffering and distress affected him deeply. He was often in these circumstances unable to control his emotions, and knowing this, he but rarely himself interviewed even the genuine cases of distress, for, possessed of the English temperament, he hated to let anyone catch a glimpse of his heart. Mr. Jourdan mentions one occasion in which the impoverished wife of a drunkard came, with two children, pale-faced and hungry-looking, for assistance—a type which one meets every day in the streets of London. Rhodes came into the room for a moment to see them. "Their condition seemed to upset him very much, and without saying a word to them, he went to my desk, seized his cheque-book, and, handing me a cheque, said almost inaudibly, and with a lump in his throat, 'Poor woman! Give this to her!'" Then without looking at her, he turned his back, so that his face should not be seen, and left the room hurriedly by a side door." This was a genuine case, but the majority of the applicants who came to him, and who still come to other generous wealthy men, were, and are, deserving of little consideration. Many were the subterfuges used by Mr. Jourdan to get such out of the house without troubling his chief. The women applicants, who were also in many instances expert actresses, were the most difficult to get rid of. Another instance of Rhodes' princely generosity appears in the chapter that relates the close of the Matabele war. When

the trouble was concluded, for three weeks, from early morning until late in the afternoon, there was a string of beggars winding their way to and from his house. During those three weeks he gave away more than £10,000 to men who had not the slightest claim upon him.

By many people with a limited knowledge of the facts Rhodes was considered the arch-speculator. Those who care to learn the truth on this point should consult this book, for if anyone had the opportunity of knowing the reality it was Mr. Jourdan. He states categorically "for the eight years prior to his death, during which I was associated with him, I was not aware of a single speculation indulged in by him. . . . He never, to my knowledge, bought to-day to sell to-morrow at a profit." In fact, in his financial transactions, conscious of the immense influence he wielded, he was most careful to give no one a shadow of justification for the charge of speculation or of influencing the stock markets. "I am quite certain that, with the information which was always at his disposal, if he had been disposed to gamble in shares, he would have died richer by a good many more millions than his estate was proved to be." In many respects Rhodes was as light-hearted as a child. In his fondness for teasing, and in many similar respects, he was quite a boy. His carelessness and irresponsibility when handling money were also very different from the qualities with which some of his traducers have endowed him out of their own imagination. On one occasion he was refused admission to the Kimberley Exhibition, as he had neither money nor ticket with him. He told the gatekeeper who he was, but the latter replied to the effect that it was most unlikely that a wealthy man like Mr. Rhodes would go about in an indifferent suit, with neither money nor a watch. Rhodes' ultimate attitude to the man was characteristic. He gave him a handsome present as an acknowledgment of the strictness with which he had performed his duty. Rhodes never had a watch, and the only jewellery which he possessed was a set of plain gold studs.

It is not possible within the space available to quote a tithe of the passages which illustrate one or other of the multifarious aspects of this great personality. There are, however, one or two which cannot be omitted. The marvellous magnetic influence which he wielded, and the power of his personality, will be better understood by those who read the account of an election meeting held shortly after the Raid, when Rhodes' power was at its lowest ebb. He was standing for Barkly West, and there was considerable doubt concerning his success at the election. The meeting was packed with political opponents determined to refuse him a vote of confidence. Rhodes had spoken and a vote of confidence was proposed. The chairman of the Bond thereupon rose and said that he was sorry that he had not heard and met Mr. Rhodes before. "His speech that night had greatly impressed him. He had come to that meeting with a large number of his following, with the express object of giving him an adverse vote, but after hearing him he was going to vote for him, 'and I am going to ask my people to do the same.'" Rhodes was elected by a majority of almost two to one.

Another passage is of a far more pathetic character. During the last visit to England, when the disease from which Rhodes was suffering was far advanced, in a casual conversation concerning forms of death, he turned to Dr. Jameson with a voice of extreme earnestness and eyes filled with sadness, "At any rate, Jameson, death from the heart is clean and quick; there is nothing repulsive or lingering about it: it is a clean death, isn't it?" Those present knew that he was thinking of himself, and Dr. Jameson's emotion prevented a reply. Rhodes, on his part, noticing the effect of his remark, instead of being depressed, by a wonderful exercise of will-power laughed away the incident. Mention of death brings one more incident to the recollection, and with this the notice of this entrancing and very human book must close. When Rhodes lay dying in his little cottage near the coast, an additional window had to be cut close to his head, in order to afford him more air. The knowledge that the greatest

man the continent held was dying was spread far and wide. Vulgar curiosity, nevertheless, led many people to intrude into the garden which surrounded the cottage, and even to peer through the window, in order to have a look at the dying man. The servants had the greatest trouble in keeping the outlook from the window free from intruders.

A recommendation must be high indeed to be too high for this character-sketch of the Colossus, the value of which is enhanced by a number of splendid photographs. The only blemish in the work is the absence of an index, and for this we hope that a second edition will soon afford an opportunity for a remedy.

POETRY AND VERSE.—II.

Poems. By FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

Sigurd. By ARTHUR PETERSON. (G. W. Jacobs and Co., Philadelphia.)

Lincoln in the Black Hawk War: An Epos of the North-West. By THEOPHILUS MIDDLING. (Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.)

Clift Wings, and other New Poems. By W. E. B. HENDERSON. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

Sonnets to a Lover. By MYRTLE REED. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

Bible Angels: A Sacred Poem. By CHARLES MOSS. (G. Routledge and Sons. 3s. net.)

Fire, and Other Poems. By ROBIN FLOWER. (Locke Ellis. 1s. net.)

Mr. Scott gives us nearly three hundred pages of verse, and in this very profusion, we think, lies his greatest fault. If he had been content to select a third of this quantity, omitting most of the lyrics that are somewhat fulsome with moral reflections, his reputation would have gained. At the same time, we are glad to note that there is not a single bad poem (if a "bad poem" be not a contradiction in terms) in the book; and many stanzas reach a high level. "In Via Mortis" is excellent, full of passion and fine imagery; it opens in arresting fashion:—

O ye great company of dead that sleep
Under the world's green rind, I come to you
With warm, soft limbs, with eyes that laugh and weep,
Heart strong to love, and brain pierced through and through
With thoughts whose rapid lightnings make my day—
To you my life-stream courses on its way
Through margin-shallows of the eternal deep.

In a later passage, from the same poem, occurs a conception worthy of unreserved praise:—

And here and there along the silent streets
I see some face I knew, perchance I loved;
And as I call it, each blank wall repeats
The uttered name, and swift the form hath moved
And heedless of me passes on and on,
Till lo, the vision from my sight hath gone
Softly as night at touch of dawn retreats.

If we say that this is very reminiscent of Matthew Arnold, it is by no means in a dissatisfied spirit; we wish Mr. Scott had written more poems in the same lofty vein and stately measure. The major portion of his work embodies sentiments that are too often trite, and tritely expressed; take, for example, the following extracts:—

While I linger here and listen
To the creaking boughs above,
Hung with icicles that glisten
As if kindling into love,
Human heart and soul unite
With your majesty and might. . . .

Dear brother heart, we leave farewells unspoken;
We shall not change, nor can our love forget,
For on life's sky, by sun and shadow broken,
True friendship is a star that does not set. . . .

For, though Death's arm be strong, love,
Our love its light will shed,
And, like a glorious song, love,
Will live when Death is dead.

This is doubtless true, and passably pleasant to hear, but it scarcely widens our horizon. We cannot review exhaustively the remaining poems, but we may note that "Thor," a powerful description of the god enchained by the "Moon-Lady," is charming; "A Song of Triumph" is a *tour-de-force* in clever internal rhyming; "Lost Love" worthily echoes Herrick; and "Time's Defeat" hits the mark of epigrammatic verse so beautifully that we must quote it as a conclusion:—

Time said to me in scorn,
"I was, ere thou wast born."
"But I," I quick replied,
"Shall be, when thou hast died."

Mr. Arthur Peterson admits in his introduction that he has taken a slight liberty with the legend of "Sigurd" (Siegfried) which has inspired so many writers, and we think he is justified in the result. To analyse his poem at any length would require much more space than we can spare, but we pay the author a high compliment when we say that in nearly two hundred pages of remarkably good blank verse we have discovered no tedious passages. Not many writers, we imagine, could keep to so uniform a level for so long a time. Quite evidently Mr. Peterson put his heart into the work; and, with the aid of his undoubted skill—for the best of intentions are of little use in the art of poesy, unsupported by craftsmanship—he has succeeded in building up an admirable epic.

In more than three hundred and fifty pages of rhyme Mr. Middling celebrates an episode which will not be very familiar to readers on this side of the Atlantic ocean. The form chosen is the couplet, which is apt to become monotonous when read in such large quantities, but the author, appreciating this, manages to vary rhythm and style occasionally; by so doing he assists his readers considerably. We cannot here recapitulate the plot, nor is it possible to quote a passage for illustration from a narrative poem which is necessarily progressive; but those who are not too critical may pass a pleasant hour or two in following the fortunes of the various characters.

There are better poems in Mr. Henderson's volume than the one which he has chosen for the title-page. "Two Women" is more human, less academic; "Asphasia" is as fine a little sketch of passion that struggles for expression as we have seen; and "The Tryst," with its concluding line:—

"Thus, eve by eve, we steal the fire from Heav'n,"

we are almost inclined to place highest of all in poetic value. Mr. Henderson's strength lies in his excellent sense of restraint; he has the rare power of suggesting a world of emotion in two or three brief lines. We would remark, as a friendly caution, that it is wiser to admire Meredith—as Mr. Henderson evidently does—than to imitate him.

Miss Myrtle Reed's "Sonnets to a Lover" are very delicately composed, and though many of them have appeared in magazines, they are above the somewhat ordinary level of what is generally known as "magazine-verse." It is almost inevitable—and a little hard on the writers—that all such sonnet-sequences should be compared to or contrasted with the immortal "Sonnets from the Portuguese"; but when we say that in three or four of these poems the author comes near to them both in spirit and execution, it will be recognised that her gift is neither feeble nor forced.

The rhymed series of narratives from the Bible which Mr. Charles Moss has entitled "Bible Angels" calls for little criticism. A great amount of labour must have gone

to its composition. The rhyming is pleasant, and the scansion as a rule is good, but, save as a book for children—and we see no definite mention of this purpose—there seems to be little reason for issuing this work. Few adults, we fancy, could read many pages without becoming wearied with the continuous monotony of the couplets.

Exceptionally fine work in the sphere of lyric poetry is being done by Mr. Robin Flower, and, although his inspiration is very evidently from the green island of the West, he does not overload his stanzas with those Celtic words which may be melodious enough to the initiate, but are sadly embarrassing to the critic who happens to be merely English. The title-poem of the book immediately claims the reader's attention for its music. One or two of its passages seem very Swinburnian, but we do not blame Mr. Flower for this; he is no imitator of others. A lyric dedicated "To H. I. B." is very delicate and sweet, and there are many good things in the first portion of the book. It is in the sonnet form, however, that the author attains his highest level, and merely to make that statement is to infer that a very high level is reached. We support our words by the following quotation:—

They say the gods are to the woodlands fled,
Or deep withdrawn into the heedless sky;
In solitudes and silence of the dead
Lies disenthroned each slumbering deity.
But I have seen in many a radiant street,
Through mists of morning or of evening gold,
A soundless vision borne on glancing feet,
Love delicately going as of old.
For he was made alone of man's delight
And follows still the crowded ways of men;
Altars of others crumble in the night,
His with a kiss are builded up again:
And on those altars hearts instead of spice
Are made an offering and a sacrifice.

"This is really fine work; there are other sonnets even better, but they may not justly be detached from their context. Mr. Flower does not rhyme for the sake of rhyming; he is a poet, and we think his poems have a quality of permanence. However that may be, the pleasure of reading them has been very real; they illustrate admirably Carlyle's dictum: "See deep enough, and you see musically."

CHRISTIANITY AND PHILOSOPHY

Christ for India: Being a Presentation of the Christian Message to the Religious Thought of India. By BERNARD LUCAS. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

FOR many reasons this is a book deserving of very high commendation. In the first place, it is written with a grave and serious care that in these days is not overcommon. The author has chosen a high matter, and he treats it thoughtfully; the images of his mind appear clearly and distinctly, not disfigured by lacquer, rhetoric, or foolish ornamentation of discourse.

And then Mr. Lucas tells the truth about Indian philosophy and Indian religion; and this is something that was well worth doing. There are subjects which seem to be magnets for all the quacks of the world. Take the matter of the Knights Templar; literary quackery has not ceased to talk rubbish on this question since the middle of the eighteenth century, when some Liar invented the Masonic Templar Order and told a tale about six knights who had taken refuge in Scotland disguised as working masons. Then the Rosicrucians; nonsense about a sect which never existed out of the brain of Johannes Valentinus Andrea rose to flood-tide in Jennings's "The Rosicrucians; their Rites and Mysteries"; and it is doubtful whether Mr. A. E. Waite's "Real History of the Rosicrucians" has counteracted the mass of foolish fable that gathered by degrees anent the pamphlets of the German scholar. And about twenty-five years ago, the English mind which remained ignorant, but sane on the subject of Indian Religion, was dosed with the appalling Nonsense-Doctrine called Theosophy. It was in that day that Bayswater learned that un-

satisfactory souls live in the moon; that teacups and saucers may be "precipitated," and that there are Mahatmas in Tibet; and this creed was called Esoteric Buddhism and the Ancient Wisdom Religion. And, in spite of all that the learned might say and write, it is probable that to this day the phrase "Indian Religions" conjures up in many minds an atmosphere of White and Black magic and hanky-panky tricks.

So Mr. Lucas's clear and definite statements are both useful and refreshing. Mr. Lucas is more particularly interested in the Vedantic Philosophy, as being the highest and most logical expression of the highest Indian thought.

The conception of God . . . which is the foundation of Vedantism, and is more or less fundamental to all Hindu religious thought, is not that rich and full conception for which man craves; but, on the contrary, it is the most poverty-stricken conception of God to which human thought has given birth. Vedantism is wearisomely prolix in its description of what God is not, but it never commits itself to the slightest positive statement as to what God is . . . The Vedantist starts, as it were, with two statements:—"God is, and I am." His method is to think away every characteristic from the term "God," in the one expression, and every possible characteristic from the term "I," in the other, and thereby leave nothing but what may be called "is-ness" in the one, and "am-ness" in the other. Both being nothing but the same tense of the verb "to be," their absolute identity is established . . . The only inconsistency which can be charged against the Vedantist is that his whole system is absolutely contradicted by the consciousness of humanity.

Such is the nature of the real thought of India. Whatever its merits of logical reasoning, whatever its demerits of discordance with the facts of man and the universe, this at least is certain—it has no possible relation to the "Wisdom Religion" of the Precipitated Saucers and of the "Masters" in Tibet. Indian thought is not an affair of hanky-panky tricks. It is no small service to have proclaimed this truth with clarity and decision; Mr. Lucas has done a good work.

And there is another point. It may have been often laboured, but it can scarcely be laboured to excess. Of the foolish fallacies of our times, there is none more foolish than that which may be conveniently labelled as "the anthropomorphic fallacy." Briefly, this is to the effect that whereas our knowledge of a toad is real, true, and essential knowledge; our knowledge of God is necessarily anthropomorphic; that is, no knowledge at all. Hear Mr. Lucas on this point:—

Many people, especially in the West, are accustomed to think that the physical realm is one with which the scientist is in direct communication, while the spiritual realm is one in which there is no direct communication. This is due to the fact that we forget that we never get out of ourselves in scientific investigation, any more than we do in mental processes. In each case we are all along dealing with our own sensations and perceptions.

"We never get out of ourselves"; and yet there are doubtless many people who believe that we can know gold, though we cannot know God. The truth is almost the exact contrary to this proposition. Man can know more—infinity more—of God than he can know of gold or of toads; since there is between man and God a necessary relation; if we think deeply and closely we shall see that humanity minus God is nonsense, a contradiction in terms. But man can easily be conceived and imagined quite apart from toads and gold; which, so far as he is concerned, are mere accidents.

There are many such interesting points in this book. Note, for example, the author's affirmation that Love is the best definition of Deity; note the declarations that the advance of Science means the deepening of the great mystery; that the "steps" of Evolution are properly to be called supernatural; that the doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls is not Aryan, but Dravidian, or aboriginal; any one of these might suggest interesting discussion.

But, returning to major issues, we can hardly say that the author's presentation of Christianity is a wholly satisfactory one. The intention throughout is excellent, and

the reasoning is often clear and convincing. But Mr. Lucas is obsessed by a phantom which he calls "Modern Theology." And it is difficult to discover the precise meaning which he assigns to the phrase, the exact force he gives it. For, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has well observed, "Modernist" is the most nonsensical of appellations; "I would as soon," he says, "call myself 'a Thursdayite' as a Modernist." But the author of "Christ for India" is constantly invoking "modern theology" as a devout Catholic would invoke the decisions of the oecumenical councils.

Thus with respect to the doctrine of the Virgin Birth:—

"The modern mind is undoubtedly sceptical as to their genuineness, while in most cases it definitely rejects the accounts as quite unhistorical. It does this not simply as the result of historical criticism of the text, but chiefly because it does not feel the difficulty which the idea of a Virgin Birth was intended to remove."

Note the *petitio principii* in the last sentence. Mr. Lucas assumes, firstly, that the narrative of the Virgin Birth was an invention; secondly, that it was an invention to remove a theoretical difficulty; and thirdly, that he, with the "modern mind," is aware of the nature of this ancient difficulty. Here are three assertions made without any sort of proof. But, putting this on one side, what is the exact force of the statement that the modern disbelieves this, that, or the other? What one wants is this: some clear demonstration that the mind of man, because it exists in the twentieth century, has thereby acquired a certain virtue and quality, either infallibility or something very near infallibility.

And one may search Mr. Lucas's book from one end to the other for this demonstration, and yet never find it, nor anything like it. When we are on the matter of mind, it should be clearly understood that neither "ancient" nor "modern" has any tincture or vestige of authority. In the middle ages people apparently believed that geese were produced from a kind of shellfish. This was silly enough; and such a piece of foolishness probably arose from a liking for the odd, coupled with a lack of really scientific interest in the true origins of geese. The mediæval men liked goose to eat, and liked a queer story about anything. This was a small matter. But in our own day vast numbers of well-educated people have believed that the late Herbert Spencer was a philosopher. And it is an infinitely more serious matter to believe that wisdom is to be found in the works of Spencer than to believe that geese proceed from barnacles. One error is essentially trivial; the other is mortal in its results. And, as if to illustrate the weakness of his own authority, Mr. Lucas tears into contemptuous fragments the foolish stuff of some foolish person called Neumann professing to explain away the Resurrection.

The reader, however (says Mr. Lucas), must himself decide whether Neumann has succeeded in the task he has so well understood. Most people would be inclined to think after reading his account, that the one thing he has conclusively proved is how the belief in the Resurrection could not possibly arise.

Exactly; and yet Mr. Lucas quotes the decisions of "modern thought" just as if a fool were less a fool because he is a contemporary. Wisdom is wisdom, and folly is folly; whether the one or the other be of to-day or of two thousand years ago.

MME. DE MAINTENON AND THE MAINES

Louis XIV. and Mme. de Maintenon. By CHARLOTTE, LADY BLENNERHASSET. Illustrated. (George Allen and Sons. 15s. net.)

A Princess of Strategy: The Life of Anne Louise Bénédicte de Bourbon-Condé, Duchesse du Maine. Translated from the French of GENERAL DE PIÉPAPE by J. LEWIS MAY. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

On opening the first of the above-named volumes, the one in which Lady Blennerhasset has set herself the none too easy task of telling the exact truth about Louis XIV.'s

second wife, we experienced quite a shock of surprise, for we found the introduction illustrated with a portrait of a bald, wigless, benevolent-looking Marquis de Saint-Simon, whom we challenge anybody to prove to have been the same person as the virulent, vindictive, memoir-writing Duke of that name, to whom Lady Blennerhasset's text *exclusively* applies. The features of the gentleman in the book do not correspond at all with those shown in the various authentic portraits of the well-known ducal author; his uniform and his sword-hilt suggest the early part of the nineteenth century; and we conclude, therefore, that those features, that uniform, and that sword really belonged to the Marquis de Rouvroy-Saint-Simon, who became a Peer of France after Waterloo and the second Restoration of the Bourbons. What possible connection the Marquis in question can have had with the reign of Louis XIV. is a mystery beyond our understanding; and why his portrait should appear in this volume, in which he is not once mentioned, is equally obscure. But whatever the reason may be, we should certainly have preferred to see a portrait of the Saint-Simon of whom Lady Blennerhasset writes with considerable discernment.

We turn to the second of the volumes before us, the extremely interesting work by General de Piépape, entitled "A Princess of Strategy"; and here again, though the book does not emanate from the same publishing house as Lady Blennerhasset's account of La Maintenon, we find an extraordinary blunder with respect to one of the illustrations. In M. de Piépape's narrative we pass gradually from the reign of Louis XIV. to the regency of his nephew, Philippe d'Orléans, who figures very prominently in the work. It was only natural, therefore, that a portrait of him should appear in it. But in lieu thereof the publisher presents us with one of Louis Philippe Joseph, Duc d'Orléans, that is to say, not the debonnaire, dissipated, yet much defamed Regent who ruled France during the minority of Louis XV., but his *great-grandson*, the infamous scoundrel who voted for the death of his King and cousin, Louis XVI., and who has become notorious for all time by his self-chosen appellation of Philippe-Egalité. How this blunder can have occurred is, like the other one, beyond our comprehension; for the man's attire (observe the coat-collar), and particularly his tie-wig, have nothing in common with the period of the Orléans Regency. Further, the Regent was not named "Louis Philippe Joseph," whereas Egalité was.

We hold such mistakes as the foregoing to be inexcusable. Here we have two books, one priced at 15s. net and the other at 12s. 6d. net, and each is marred by the insertion of a portrait which does not represent the personage referred to in the text. We do not know with whom rests the responsibility for these gross blunders. In General de Piépape's work the publisher expresses his acknowledgments to Mr. H. H. Raphael, M.P., for permission to reproduce, from his valuable collection, "a number" of the illustrations. We cannot believe, however, that Mr. Raphael supplied a portrait of Philippe-Egalité under the impression that it represented the latter's great-grandfather. The moral of the affair appears to be that, even as some publishing houses employ "literary advisers," so some of them require "artistic advisers" as well.

Let us now turn to the letterpress of the books under notice. Lady Blennerhasset's work is a conscientious and painstaking effort. It can scarcely be called light reading. The author is very much in earnest. She mentions now and then that there are anecdotes about certain persons or occurrences, but she seldom repeats them, perhaps because she feels that they might be deemed hackneyed. The result of her method, however, is a grey book; and more than once, while perusing it, we wished we could have escaped from some of that greyness. The hue certainly harmonises with much of the latter part of Louis XIV.'s long reign; but although our author may well have been unable to brighten it consistently with truth, she might have spared us such uniform monotony by applying some darker, more tragic, touches, for there was real, sombre, poignant tragedy in the close of the Grand Monarque's

career. The royal sun, once so resplendent, sank amid clouds of inky blackness, behind which the anxious Marquise de Maintenon, so long an acute observer of men and things, discerned, in her last days, an ominous lurid ray—a portent, as it were, of that future blaze of Revolution in which the absolute monarchy was to be consumed.

Even a pen of genius might despair of making the Marchioness an attractive figure to the great majority of twentieth-century readers, for religious intolerance now appeals only to dwindling numbers. Lady Blennerhasset at least shows that Mme. de Maintenon was less harshly bigoted than some writers have asserted, and that many other leading personages of her time were (as we already know) equally as intolerant. Much of this book is naturally devoted to religious matters, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Quietism, Jansenism, and so forth, the chapter on Fénelon being particularly good. Lady Blennerhasset endeavours to establish that La Maintenon's power after she became the King's wife was not always so great as some have contended, and that at times she was not really responsible for trends and errors of policy which have been generally placed to her account. We feel, however, that if her adversaries have exaggerated her responsibility, it was at least greater than Lady Blennerhasset seems disposed to admit.

The portrait which she traces of Louis XIV. follows the usual lines. She is in error respecting the King's good health (page 89), and should have studied the famous "Journal" concerning it more carefully. He had bad teeth, which caused him great suffering from his childhood onward. They decayed so rapidly that he had none left at forty years of age, when caries of the jaw set in. Unable to masticate the food of which he partook so abundantly (there is little doubt that his case was one of bulimy), he did not properly digest it, from which cause frequent ailments arose.

King Louis and La Maintenon, as well as other characters in Lady Blennerhasset's book, notably the Duc du Maine, one of Louis' children by Mme. de Montespan, appear also in General de Piépape's bright and vivacious narrative, which, except for a few little lapses, has been very skilfully translated by Mr. J. Lewis May. There is abundant interest in the remarkable story of the Lilliputian, yet brilliant, petulant, and extremely ambitious granddaughter of the great Condé, who married the Duc du Maine. He, a weak but not unestimable man, seemed promised at one moment to the very highest destinies, thanks to the affection of Mme. de Maintenon, by whom he was reared. In General de Piépape's vivid pages we pass from the festivities of Mme. du Maine's famous literary and artistic Court at Sceaux to the setting-aside of Louis XIV.'s will and the seizure of the Regency by the Duc d'Orléans, who thereby supplanted Maine, the late King's nominee, for that high post. Then comes all the plotting of that diminutive virago, Maine's wife, with Alberoni and Cellamare, with the object of depriving Orléans of his office and transferring it to Philip V. of Spain, whose deputy Maine was to have become. The genesis, development, and discovery of that romantic and remarkable conspiracy are admirably recounted by M. de Piépape. Very graphic, too, are the narratives of the arrest and imprisonment of the Maines and their confederates, notably Rose de Launay, afterwards Baroness de Staal, whose subsidiary romance is sketched in an appropriately sympathetic manner. At last comes the pardon of the Maines by the good-natured Regent, and the revival of the Court of Sceaux, whither flocked so many literary celebrities, including Voltaire, who there wrote his famous tale of "Zadig" for Mme. du Maine's particular delectation. We quite agree with General de Piépape's estimate of the memoir-writing Saint-Simon, which follows, but accentuates, Lady Blennerhasset's; and we are pleased to find the General pointing out that most of the foul libels on the Régent d'Orléans—which so many writers long accepted as historical truth, were concocted, penned, and diffused, in a wiful spirit of hatred and vindictiveness, by Mme. du Maine herself and her parasitic acolytes.

Both the books here noticed deserve the attention of students of French history, and we will add, in fairness, that, apart from the bad blunders previously mentioned, they are well illustrated with numerous portraits.

THE UNIVERSITIES

The Oxford and Cambridge Review: Michaelmas Term. (Constable and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

In Praise of Oxford: An Anthology in Prose and Verse. Vol. I., History and Topography. By T. SECCOMBE and H. SPENCER SCOTT. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

"THE Oxford and Cambridge Review" for the current term is full of interesting and topical things. It starts off with a rather long-winded exposition of the Real Problem of University Reform, which, although containing some excellent points, does not stir us to enthusiasm. "Monk of Crowland," on the contrary, in an article entitled "On Meeting Old Friends," sets forth his views on the reform question in a manner which seems to us to elucidate the problem and admit of no further argument. We would urge upon all, from Lord Curzon downwards, to read this article. It will give them easily digestible food for considerable thought. We also greatly appreciate the criticism, under the heading of Reviews of Books, of the Report of the Hebdomadal Council. It is written by a man who has the real welfare of the university at heart. Sir Ray Lankester receives, deservedly, a sound trouncing for his article on "University Training," dragged into his work entitled "Science from an Easy Chair"; and we agree with the reviewer in saying that "he was guilty of unpardonably bad taste." Among other articles in this issue are an exposition of Father Tyrrell and Recent Apologetic Thought, and a vindication, in some sort, of Machiavelli. Altogether a very sound number.

"The present work owes its origin," writes Mr. Seccombe in his foreword to "In Praise of Oxford," "to the suggestion of one of those gifted friends whose day dreams sometimes take the form of book titles. Travelling upon the L. and N.W. Railway one evening, in the summer of 1904, he saw the words 'In Praise of Oxford,' in letters of gold, upon the horizon somewhere above Harrow Weald Common. For some weeks after this I devoted all my spare time to transcribing passages about Oxford that I had become familiar with in my reading. The result was a triumphant solution of writing without tears. The pieces transcribed were all charming, and all well known." In such a manner was the seed of this labour sown, but some months later, in the same year, Mr. Seccombe found that he had—to use an Americanism—"bitten off more than he could chew." Thereupon he sought an ally in the shape of Mr. H. Spencer Scott, and, to quote again: "I soon discovered that what I had hitherto regarded as one of the easiest achievements in the sphere of compilation was in reality one of the most difficult."

Since that time six years have been stripped from the calendar, and even now only the first volume is ready for the public. Volume II. is to appear shortly, and other volumes will follow in due course. It would seem to be true, therefore, that the day dream in a railway carriage has embarked the authors upon a Herculean task. The first tangible results of their labours in the shape of the initial volume is entirely satisfactory. The opening part of it is devoted to Oxford history, beginning, paradoxically enough, with Pre-historic Oxford and ending somewhere about 1886. The second part deals with the topography of Oxford. The whole forms a work of absorbing interest to all who can claim the proud distinction of being sons of Alma Mater. It differs from the average histories of Oxford in that there are no discussions, no weighings of pros and cons, no summings-up for and against her policy. The authors are to be congratulated upon their judgment in the selection of excerpts. There is not one that does not interest the reader, and the construction of the book is most excellent. We look forward to seeing the subsequent volumes.

THE THEATRE

THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS: A Play by G. Bernard Shaw; Criticised by Frank Harris.

A PROPHET, it is said, can be judged by his disciples, as a Napoleon by his marshals. If they are men of rare ability and distinction like Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Richard Middleton, the mere fact goes far to prove that his inspiration is authentic. But what is a man to do when he is plagued with a follower like a Paul or a Bernard Shaw? Of course, in a way, he's proud of having such a disciple who will trumpet his utterances to the world through a megaphone. But when Paul begins bragging of his own exploits by land and sea, and preaching his own weird gospel, it becomes embarrassing, to say the least of it.

The gist of my teaching about Shakespeare appeared a dozen years ago in the *Saturday Review*. With characteristic quickness Shaw became an enthusiastic convert and set forth my theories as his own in preface after preface to his plays. I never even thought of objecting. Whether he acknowledged the source of his inspiration or not, he was wearing my livery. And so long as he preached the true gospel I was content.

Some seven years ago I wrote a play entitled "Shakespeare and his Love," which has just been published. Mr. Tree accepted it, and paid for it, but did not produce it at the appointed time; accordingly I withdrew it, and sent it to the Vedrenne-Barker management. Mr. Barker did not fancy the part of Shakespeare (a very proper estimate of his own powers), though Mr. Vedrenne liked the play immensely. Shaw read it, and told me I had made Shakespeare too sad, but I had given his genius, which no one else had ever been able to do.

On November 13 Shaw was interviewed in the *Observer*. He boasted that the Shakespeare Memorial Committee was going to produce a play by him, entitled "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," and he went on to treat me with cheerful patronage. "The only English writer who has really grasped this part of Shakespeare's story," he wrote, "is Mr. Frank Harris; but Frank sympathises with Shakespeare. It is like seeing Semele reduced to ashes and sympathising with Jupiter."

This acknowledgment made me a little suspicious. It was like Mr. Cook patting Capt. Peary on the back while regretting that he was such a silly fool. It struck me that Shaw would not have acknowledged me in this way unless he had really borrowed from me a little more even than custom permits. The acknowledgment was evidently the fig-leaf to cover him from any charge of plagiarism. To some natures, impunity is encouragement. As I had not objected to borrowings in his prefaces, Shaw evidently thought he could go on and found a new religion on his own; become, so to speak, the Paul to a new Protestantism. But as soon as he tried to walk alone his blundering became painfully obvious: he declared in the *Observer* that Shakespeare reproached Mary Fitton for having black hair. Shakespeare never does this in any sonnet or play. 'Tis merely Bernard Shaw's protest against the truth.

But Shaw goes on to blunder still more stupidly. He declares that the great sonnet which I have picked out as showing Shakespeare's extraordinary passion for Mary Fitton is really a sonnet denigrating her—a disciple of mine who is not yet able to read. No wonder I feel embarrassed.

Naturally I went to the Haymarket to see Shaw's play, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." The title of the play is a striking one, and clever. It would make it difficult for me to say that Shaw had cribbed my conception, if he had only treated the "dark lady of the sonnets."

For a long time past Tom, Dick, and Harry have talked about the "dark lady," but I was the first to show that the "dark lady" appears in the plays before the sonnets, as early, indeed, as "Love's Labour's Lost," and is to be found from that time queening it in almost every drama

from "Romeo and Juliet" and "Troilus and Cressida," to her final transfiguration as Cleopatra.

The question was, then, would Shaw paint the "dark lady of the sonnets" in his play, or would he annex my discovery, in order to give fuller life to the meagre sonnet-outline? The point interested me. It would be very difficult, I thought, for a man of Shaw's ability to keep to the sonnet heroine, when he had my completer conception in mind. I had shown from the plays that Mary Fitton was proud, jealous, high tempered, very sensual, and bold of speech—a masterful quean redeemed by that essence of love which Enobarbus praised in her. Shaw's "Dark Lady of the Sonnets" is simply compact of jealousy and high temper. She enters in a jealous rage and disappears spitting like an ill-tempered cat. She is the reverse of proud, for when she finds her lover talking to another woman at her tryst, she does not leave the pair, as proud Mary Fitton would have done, and retire from the unworthy competition, but screams and assaults them, boxing their ears.

Now where did Shaw find that his "dark lady of the sonnets" was jealous and weaponed with quick temper, quick tongue, and quick hand? Not in the sonnets. In the sonnets there is not one word about her bad temper. In the sonnets she is never jealous: it is Shakespeare who is jealous. I found her quick temper in the plays and her quick hands in Cleopatra, and her jealousy there too. Shaw has therefore again taken a part of my discovery and covered it with a false label (that fig-leaf again!), and put it forth as his own.

In defiance of plain fact Bernard Shaw still asserts in the *Daily News* of the 28th inst. that he has cribbed nothing from me, that he has taken his "dark lady" from the sonnets and from Tyler. "All the honours," he says, "must go to Tyler." But Tyler limited himself to the sonnets; in Tyler there is no word about her jealousy, or quick temper, or quick hands. Shaw's "dark lady," as I have shown here, was cribbed from me, and from me alone.

As for the honours going to Tyler, Tyler is dead, or Shaw would not have praised him. Till I came Shakespeare was universally regarded as a man of perverted sexual emotions; his love for the "dark lady" was looked upon as a mere episode. I have shown that it was the master-passion of his whole life, that he has painted her almost as often as he has painted himself, that she inspired all the wonderful tragedies, that in fact he owes the greater part of his fame to Mary Fitton. And by proving this I have washed Shakespeare's name clean from the scandalous stain, and for the first time have given him to the love and admiration of men in his manners as he lived.

Disciples are terrible people. One can neither do with them or without them. The prophet must have one disciple, or he could not be sure of his own inspiration.

To be a prophet is not a pleasant mission, and perhaps was never more painful than it is to-day. Whoever will be one of "God's spies," as Shakespeare called them, must spend years in some waste place, some solitude of desert or mountain, resolutely stripping himself of the time-garment of his own paltry *ego*, alone with the stars and night winds, giving himself to thoughts that torture, to a wrestling with the Angel that baffles and exhausts. But at length the travail of his soul is rewarded; suddenly, without warning, the spirit that made the world uses him as a mouthpiece and speaks through him. In an ecstasy of humility and pride—"a reed shaken by the wind"—he takes down the Message. Years later, when he gives the gospel to the world, he finds that men mock and jeer at him, and tell him he's crazy, or, worse still, declare they know the fellow, and ascribe to him their own lusts and knaveries. No one believes him or will listen, and when he realises his loneliness his heart turns to water within him, and he himself begins to doubt his inspiration. That is the lowest hell. Then in his misery and despair comes one man, who accepts his message as authentic-true; or one man, who shows in the very words of his praise that he, too, has seen the Beatific Vision, has

listened to the Divine Voice. At once the prophet is saved; the sun irradiates his icy dungeon; the desert blossoms like a rose; his solitude sings with choirs invisible. Such a disciple is spoken of ever afterwards as the beloved and set apart above all others.

Disciples like Paul and Bernard Shaw come after. They, too, subserve some good end; they teach those more ignorant than themselves. Paul inspires Calvin; Shaw teaches the *Daily Mail*. The *Daily Mail* talks of the "charm, and wit, and humour, and sparkle of the little piece by Mr. Bernard Shaw."

But Mr. Grein is wiser. He wishes that Shaw had kept his hands off Shakespeare. Shakespeare, the solitary student who loved the "life removed" and cared nothing for the fleeting shows of this world, is presented by Messrs. Shaw and Barker as a dapper courtier; Shakespeare, the lord of language, the greatest master of words the world has known, is pictured as going about with a notebook—"a snapper-up" of his own superb phrases from clown and queen: Shakespeare, the world-poet, cribbing cadences from a warder! that is Mr. Shaw's sole original contribution in his play to our knowledge! Mr. Grein is right: Mr. Shaw should have left Shakespeare alone, or the Shakespeare Memorial Committee should have left Mr. Shaw's skit alone.

"A SINGLE MAN" AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE has indicated over and over again, with great cheerfulness and frankness, that we are not to expect him to provide us with plays that are ambitious or that make any attempt whatever to hold the mirror up to nature. It is his policy only to produce those plays, except by accident, which make no appeal to intelligence, plays which, though carefully rehearsed and nicely put on, might have been, and frequently are, written by young amateurs of the feminine sex for representation in the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room. Mr. Maude is most careful to cultivate this clever and not unpleasant note of amateurishness throughout his theatre. The whole atmosphere of it is charmingly amateurish. The plays are amateur, and Mr. Cyril Maude is the leading amateur among a company as much amateur as possible. The effect of Mr. Maude's well-thought-out scheme is, it must be said, most successful. The Playhouse is not a bit like the ordinary theatre. It is like a little theatre in a country house in which jolly charades are played, more or less on the spur of the moment, by the brighter and less self-conscious members of the house party who frequently go to the theatres in London and who have acquired the trick of mimicry. Those who venture out of the circle of lights and drive down Northumberland Avenue to the Playhouse are always confident of finding there Mr. Cyril Maude's well-known "Mixture, as before," and if, by way of a little change, Mr. Maude indulges in a moment of almost genuine emotion at the fall of one of the curtains it goes up immediately to disclose him and his company smiling cheerily and with a charming air of intimacy and apology for having strayed, although only for a moment, from the strictly orthodox "niceness" of the amateur entertainment. Mr. Maude's astuteness in providing pleasant evenings by amateurs for amateurs commands admiration. He has won the support of all that section of the public which does not wish to be provided with anything but mild and harmless performances conducted in the most gentlemanlike manner and which finds in such charades as "Toddles," "Tantalizing Tommy," "The Earl of Portucket," and the rest just that amount of innocuous amusement which kills very pleasantly the hours between dinner and supper.

While at the Haymarket Theatre with Mr. Frederick Harrison Mr. Maude discovered in Mr. Hubert Henry Davies a writer of charades after his own heart. Mr. Davies sprang into fame among amateurs with his "Cousin Kate." Bayswater and Maida Vale, Campden Hill and High Street, Kensington, Belgravia and Gloucester Road,

simply loved it. The piece was a great success—too great a success for Mr. Hubert Henry Davies. He lost his head, strayed away from the safe medium of the amateur, and wrote professional plays for professionals, among which were "Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace," "Captain Drew on Leave," "Lady Epping's Lawsuit," and "The Mollusc" which would have been luckier had it not followed, though at a great distance, "The Tyranny of Tears." When Mr. Davies, wise in his generation, returned to his first style in "Bevis" at the Haymarket, it was found that he had lost the amateur touch of "Cousin Kate," and that he fell between two stools—that of disingenuous ingenuousness and expert mechanism. With the production of "A Single Man" at the Playhouse we find Mr. Davies not only back to the style of "Cousin Kate" but beyond it, far beyond it—so far beyond it that it is doubtful whether even the easily-satisfied patrons of the Playhouse who do not ask for much will be satisfied with so little.

To us, who do not go to the theatre quite in the same spirit as we enter the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room, or settle down, after a day's excellent shooting, a hot bath, and a good dinner, to laugh at the antics of a few friends who are as amused in putting paint on their faces as we are to see it there, Mr. Davies's new play caused us to ask ourselves several questions: Is "A Single Man" Mr. Davies's deliberate attempt, carried out with amazing cynicism, to write down to the infinitesimal amount of intelligence that is attributed to the regular playgoer? Is "A Single Man" the result of a commission by Mr. Maude which Mr. Davies has carefully written in order not to tax the capabilities of the Playhouse company of amateurs, or is "A Single Man" a genuine effort on the part of Mr. Davies to compete with the work of his brother dramatists? To the first question we can find but one answer. We are shocked to find cynicism so horrible in a man so young as Mr. Davies. If he is right as to the amount of intelligence that is possessed by the British public, and they accept his play, there is no hope, none, for the future of England. If his play was commissioned and deliberately written for Mr. Maude and the Playhouse company, Mr. Davies, refusing to listen to his artistic conscience, has done his work well. But, if Mr. Davies, wholly satisfied with "A Single Man," puts it forth as the best work of which he is capable, and imagines that it can hold comparison with the work of any other living dramatist, what has happened to Mr. Davies?

This is the story. A man who asks us to believe that he is capable of earning a good living as a writer has arrived at the age of forty without having done anything more foolish than write articles on farinaceous foods. We gather that he has also written successful novels, but this we are not able to believe. He lives in a new-old house somewhere, apparently, in the suburbs, judging by the people who form his set. His brother, Henry, and the latter's wife and baby, come to stay with him. We are told that his brother Henry is a soldier, but this also we are not able to believe. The sight of the baby and other signs of domestic felicity awaken him to the fact that he is a single man. Not with the care and knowledge of a man who has studied human nature and affairs closely enough to have won a high place among novelists, but with the stupidity of the stereotyped comic character of the stage he rushes into an engagement with a hoydenish girl, a mixture of suburban sophistication and artlessness, who is quite unpretty and unattractive. He does this to the dismay of Henry and his wife, who have invited a Miss Parker to the house with a view to matrimony, although they both well know her to be a most unpleasantly, cat-like, designing, forward, and unpleasant person. This seems to show that Henry and his wife have a grudge against the cruelly-named Robin, which they wish to pay back by saddling him with a wife who will render the remainder of his life a hopelessly wretched affair. But Robin—the name is painful even to write—has a secretary-typist, a quiet, capable, drab, little person called Miss Heseltine, who not only loves him and has always loved him, but who presently tells him so after having sipped

champagne for the first time. This so surprises the peculiar man Robin that, having held his head in horror and delivered himself of many unmeaning speeches in the peculiar sing-song of the minor canon on duty, he kisses her and presses her to his heart. Miss Parker, who has been behaving in a manner that causes shudders for some days and been treated very rudely by everyone concerned, including the servants, discovers the writer and his typist in this familiar attitude and endeavours to bring about a scandal. Her story is not believed by the brother and his wife, and the mother of the hoyden, but it brings about a confession of the true state of things from Robin, who finds himself in love with one girl, engaged to another, and being haunted by a third. It now being five minutes to eleven, the hoyden appears at the nick of time, announces that she has come to the conclusion that Robin is too old for her and leaves the typist in sole possession of the writer.

Mr. Davies takes four acts in which to tell this artless story. Not only has it been told before by Mr. Barrie and others with varying degrees of charm and neatness, but it has been told and acted much better. Mr. Davies's characterisation is nebulous and feeble. His dialogue is curiously childish and pointless. It is sometimes also banal and a little vulgar, and there is over the whole thing a suggestion of suburbanism that disconcerts. Where there might have been humour there is horse-play. Where there might have been genuine sentiment there is funny business. Where there might have been subtle and delicate touches of character-drawing there are the broad obvious lines and colours of the comic draughtsman. The whole play is studded both with dialogue and ideas that a sense of humour would have blue pencilled, and surely only the most rudimentary knowledge of the theatre was needed to have shown the inadvisability, to use the kindest word, of allowing Miss Parker to remain in the play. There is nothing comic in the sight of a languishing, simpering, designing woman haunting and ogling a man whose one ambition in life is to get as far away from her as he can. In short, "A Single Man" is a very distressing piece of work from start to finish, and is quite unworthy of the pen from which came "Captain Drew on Leave" and "The Mollusc." We hope sincerely that it is a maiden effort which Mr. Davies came across at the bottom of a drawer. The fact that he allowed it to be produced at all shows either a strange lack of self-criticism or a cynical disbelief in the existence of intelligence. So far as its interpretation went, only one player gained our sympathy. Miss Mary Jerrold was most charming and clever. Her touch was quiet and sure. She was the only human being in the play. Mr. Cyril Maude brought all his worst tricks to bear upon the silly part of Robin. He tried to get laughs where they were not by talking in the manner in which American music-hall artists imitate English "dudes," and when he should have been very simple and sincere he monotoned and chanted so that his words were meaningless. He played with insincerity and self-consciousness, and heightened instead of disguising the inconsistencies and weaknesses of the play. We were greatly disappointed with Miss Hilda Trevelyan. She has endeared herself to us by her "Wendy," and her performance in "What Every Woman Knows." As Miss Heseltine, she, too, was quite unconvincing, and instead of talking naturally, caught Mr. Maude's tedious trick of singing. Judged from the point of view of an amateur performance, "A Single Man" is conspicuously feeble.

MUSIC

No one can fairly say of the Covent Garden Opera that it is the home of lost causes. Everybody with a fad to cultivate or a log to roll likes to have a fling at Covent Garden's lack of the progressive spirit, especially in the summer season. Yet has the "Syndicate" produced a

considerable number of new operas during the last ten years, and it is not probable that its activity in this respect will be diminished by the inclusion of Mr. Beecham among its controlling spirits. For the composers whose bureaux bulge with manuscript scores, he must, indeed, be an angel bearing hope, and we sincerely trust that he will long continue his beneficent labours for music—shall we say for the British School of Musical Art and Artists in particular? Last week he did something which we must think of great importance. At the end of his summer season he had produced a little one-act opera by Mr. G. H. Clutsam, a composer known to fame, we believe, only as the author of a multitude of popular ditties, of a sentimental, or cheerful, or crooning character. (We have heard, however, that Mr. Clutsam, like another musician, Sir Walter Parratt, is well known to fame as an expert chess-player.) Now, from these ballads, it might not have been guessed that their composer was capable of writing a brilliant opera. Yet this is what he has done. We use a very laudatory epithet, but we believe that, under the circumstances, it is fully justified. Mr. Beecham repeated this opera, "A Summer Night," on Friday, and, though the house was apparently filled by what is called a "friendly" audience, that fact need not be allowed to weigh overmuch in estimating the success of the opera, which was very great. After a single hearing, and in spite of our having had no opportunity of inspecting its score, we began to ask "What may not a composer do who has begun like this?" Is Mr. Clutsam going to do for British opera what Elgar is doing in other fields? Here is music which is fresh, and original, and personal—operatic music which shows true instinct for the stage, and is emphatically "of its time." Here is real music with the true sparkle in it, not an imitation. Has Mr. Clutsam other operas in his bureaux? If he has, pray let us hear them; and if he has not, it must be hoped that he will soon set to work. Only—and now, having praised "A Summer Night" with glad sincerity, we must begin to pick holes in it—it may be hoped that he will not always trust to his own powers as a librettist.

We are tempted to say of "A Summer Night" what Goldsmith said of his "Vicar": There are an hundred faults in this thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. "A Summer Night" is certainly amusing and agreeable, and, without doubt, it is vastly clever. But it has errors. The story is none the worse for being an old one. There will always be elders who cast longing looks upon honest young men's Susannas, and they will often be found out and brought to ridicule, if not shame, and no very great harm done. But Mr. Clutsam's literary touch has not the same quality as his musical touch. In neither construction or dialogue is he more than conventional; the dialogue, indeed, might be nothing else than a translation of some ordinary Italian libretto. Though, when we say "Italian" (the action passes in the hills of Tuscany, and the characters are the local villagers), there is not much that is Italian about the piece except the frequent ejaculation (in very British accent) of the word "Cospetto," and an occasional passage which shows that the composer knows Puccini. We remember that we are in the region of "make-believe," and are witnessing an "opera comique," but, really, Mr. Clutsam makes too great a demand on our credulity. Of course, people in an opera cannot hear each other speak, although they may be but two steps apart, and singing *fortissimo* (this convenient deafness is much to be noted in "Tristan"), but they do sometimes see each other, even in the dark (Mr. Clutsam's hours from early sunset to dawn are more suggestive of Hammerfest than Tuscany), and the searchings of honest Toni after the intruder Niccolo reminded one of another Nicholas, whose surname was Nickleby, and the wicked relation thrusting his sharp sword everywhere but where Nicholas' legs "were plainly visible." Niccolo was too much the "funny-man" of a provincial pantomime

for our taste, and Lucretia seemed undecided whether she belonged to tragedy or comedy. The libretto, in truth, is not very successful.

But the music is quite a different thing. We cannot say that the vocal level is as high as the orchestral, but the latter is charmingly clever, and even, as we have said, brilliant. It gives the liveliest, most appropriate comment upon the scene; one merry snatch of reel tune succeeds another with impatient rapidity; the "colouring" is bright and contrasted; the use of modern harmonies seems perfectly natural, and our ears are not more tormented by discords than is good for us. The weakest part of the opera is the quartet, which is ineffectively balanced and too much spun out, and in which the love music of Lisa and Toni suggests the composer of the ballads rather than the master of orchestration and the musician of bright fancy that Mr. Clutsam assuredly is. But if "an hundred faults" were discovered in the thing, the fact would remain that "A Summer Night" has enough excellences to redeem them, and its composer deserves all the congratulations he has received.

Another novelty (if it be a novelty as regards its opus number, as to which we heard some doubts expressed) was something of a disappointment to those acquainted with the exceptional talent and vigour of Mr. Joseph Holbrooke. His Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, "The Song of Gwyn-ap-Nudd," though magnificently performed by Mr. Harold Bauer and the Symphony Orchestra (under its composer's direction), did not strike us as being more than moderately successful "Holbrooke." The fragmentary lines from the poem by "J. E. Ellis" (who is understood to be a poet of rank and great wealth) were too fragmentary to be of much help towards the comprehension of the Concerto as a whole, and we take leave to doubt whether, from the music alone, a programme much resembling that furnished by "Mr. Ellis" could have been constructed even by a careful listener. He would have guessed that it had to do with a battle of some sort, and might have suspected that sometimes queer creatures, such as gnomes, were playing a part, and that twilight or dawn were being painted; but the complete story would have eluded his grasp. Mr. Holbrooke is a prolific composer. Is he, perhaps, too prolific?

Other concerts have included recitals by those fine pianists, Señor da Motta and Mr. Schelling. The latter is more certain to keep a place as a pianist who must be regarded by musicians with the admiration and respect due to one of high intellectual and technical gifts, than to acquire one among the public's popular idols. His delicacy and restraint are very great, his scales are wonderful, his power of mastering difficulties is unlimited. He is much to be thanked for playing Paderewski's delightful Variations and Trique, op. 11, a work which every pianist, competent for the task, should play. It is less massive than its noble successor, in the key of E flat minor, but not less interesting, and it is quite easy to appreciate. After the Etudes Symphoniques of Schumann, which, splendid as they are, appear too frequently at pianoforte recitals, the Variations of M. Paderewski were heard with the relief and pleasure that freshness brings.

At the Classical Concert Society's afternoon another too rarely played work of great beauty was heard. Brahms' Piano Quartet in C minor has never received the attention paid to the two predecessors. It may be less "genial," but it is a romance of enthralling power. The playing, by Miss Wietrowitz, Mr. Bridge, Mr. Ivor James, and Mr. Borwick, was not very inspiring, and the vocalist at this concert, Miss Agnes Witting, did not sing as well as we know she can sing. But she sang a beautiful group of songs by Franz, and on the preceding evening we had heard an equally fine group sung by Miss Julie Hostater. Time was when it was the last sign of musical "culture" to sing, or to delight in, the songs of Franz. Now we hear them too seldom. They are not modelled on the canons proclaimed by Wolf and the moderns, but their charm is incontestable. Miss Hostater is an accomplished singer,

apt, however, to take some of her songs too slowly. The echoes of the Chopin centenary (if, indeed, he was born in 1810, and not, as Herr Karasowski maintains, in 1809) have not yet died away, for Dr. M. Lee delivered a lecture, of a popular kind, at the London Institution, Finsbury, last Thursday, on the composer's life, and provided several illustrations. Some of the songs were well sung by a young lady who showed much nerve and *aplomb* in continuing her song in spite of the disturbance caused by the illness of a member of the audience. Another young lady joined Dr. Lee in the early Polacca for violoncello and piano. This was, perhaps, an unfortunate choice, for the piece is hardly representative, and the pianist was unable to do justice to its brilliant passages.

EXHIBITIONS

AT MESSRS. DOWDESWELLS' GALLERIES.

In the small East Room at these galleries Miss Edith Harwood is exhibiting some drawings, water-colours and small paintings in tempera. A number of them are copies from the great Italian masters, among which may be specially mentioned a water-colour study from Botticelli's "Spring" and two pencil sketches. The remainder are original works deriving their inspiration entirely (as the artist explains in the catalogue) from the paintings of the Italian Renaissance. This is a sufficient description of the general character of Miss Harwood's interesting work. The quality in which she most nearly approaches her masters is the grace of her compositions and the sense of line which is shown, for instance, in the figure of the Virgin in "Mary's Vision," the kneeling figures in the decorative "Dedication of Solomon's Temple," and—though in these Miss Harwood is perhaps most original—the red chalk illustrations to an Old English Game and an Old Wiltshire Custom, and "The Elder and the Younger." There is, however, a somewhat laboured appearance in her work, notwithstanding the artist's evident sympathy with, and love for, her subjects. Perhaps we give the greatest praise to her pictures when we acknowledge how true she has been to the ideal of Cennino Cennini, whose quaint words she quotes in her catalogue—"You who are lovers of the good come at once to art and adorn yourselves with this vesture—namely, love, reverence, obedience, and perseverance."

In the large room Messrs. Dowdeswells' hang a series of pictures in oil and pastel of the Border Country by the Hon. Walter J. James. They are delicate and romantic, with a good deal of charm of colour. There is always atmosphere and—as in "Eley Craig," with its foreground group of blowing trees and bushes—a graceful sense of composition. The broader treatment of some of the stormy skies—that of "The West Wind," for instance—and the sketchy "The Fringe of the Wood," stand out pleasantly amid a too uniform smoothness of painting.

THE "POST-IMPRESSIONISTS" AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

It is difficult to find the right terms in which to describe or criticise this extraordinary exhibition. The prevailing impression that it conveys is that of a mad-house; yet, like most madness, it affects the observer with an uneasy suspicion of underlying sanity. It is a recoil, and a violent one, from all the conventions that have grown up in the art of the last three centuries, and, as such recoils are apt to be, it is often extravagant, ridiculous, and intolerable. It is true that primitive and childish attempts at art often possess a peculiar vividness and directness denied to the work of older practitioners; but it is surely absurd for grown men and women to ape the imperfections of childhood with the idea that they will recover therewith its graces; you will not recover the vanished knack of capturing likenesses on paper or canvas by culti-

vating the bad drawing and vile colouring which are its accidental concomitants. Herein lies the fundamental error of this school—if it can be dignified by such a name. The impressionists suppressed detail and resolved colour into its parts upon a scientific system which in a great measure justified itself, and has certainly added to the resources of art; but merely to fling away impatiently the garnered wisdom of their ancestors was no part of their scheme. No doubt, as there must be progress, there must in time be something which can be called "post-impressionism"; but we are wholly unable to dignify these crude and intolerable outrages upon all that is understood by art, not to speak of the ordinary decencies of life, by any such name. For the most part it is merely impertinence.

This collection, however, contains a few fine things that really have reason in their appeal. Manet's pictures—though not the best of his work—must always command respect; the daring brilliance and bold flat tints of Maurice Denis have at times real power, and express well the dazzling sunlight of the south; now and then one detects a note of serious truth in the canvasses of Paul Cézanne; and there are exhibitors, such as Picasso, Georges Seurat, and others, who endeavour to give rational expression to their ideas, both in paint and clay. But, on the whole, the exhibition does not favourably impress us.

LONDON INSTITUTION

BEFORE a most appreciative audience at the London Institution, Major Ronald Ross, C.B., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., lectured on Monday last upon the subject which he has made peculiarly his own—Malaria and its Prevention. Research, said the lecturer, had been directed from very early times towards the mysterious intermittent fevers which prevailed in marshy districts—Empedocles, of Sicily, as long ago as 500 years B.C., recognised the value of drainage as a method of lessening the malady; but it was not until recent years that the peculiar black granules discovered in the blood of malarious patients were found to be actually inimical parasites, and not mere degenerations of the red corpuscles. The mathematician now came to aid the medical man, enabling him to ascertain beyond doubt that the degree of fever was strictly proportionate to the number of these abnormal granules. Many most interesting diagrams and enlargements of microscope observations were thrown on the screen to illustrate the argument.

In the second portion of his lecture Major Ross enlarged on his own well-known investigations into the problem of infection—How did the parasite pass from man to man? The old theory of unhealthy emanations supposed to rise from pools and marshy lands had been doubted for centuries, and from the beginning of the Christian era the hypothesis had been put forward that insects conveyed the disease. The work of King in 1883, in America, and of Sir Patrick Manson ten years later, was alluded to; other famous names, of course, might be mentioned. The extraordinary way in which the mosquito ejects through its proboscis the saliva containing the dangerous spores was graphically described and illustrated, and the lecturer caused considerable amusement by remarking that the lady mosquito is the one who does the biting. Various photographs bearing on the methods of protection by means of gauze-surrounded houses, adopted with such success on the route of the Panama Canal, were shown, and altogether a more interesting and instructive lecture could hardly be conceived. Its occasional technicalities were relieved by many touches of humour, and an audience which should have been larger showed its hearty appreciation of the achievements of the distinguished and indefatigable scientist who is devoting his time and energy to so splendid a work.

The lecture on Monday, December 5, will be by Oscar Browning, Esq., M.A., on "The Study of History."

A NEGLECTED SOURCE OF INSPIRATION

INSPIRED work truly is rare, but perhaps it is rarer than it need be if we would be content to lead quieter lives, and open the gates of the soul to the beauty which never dies and is ever ready to enter a mind at peace with itself. In these days of hurry and disillusionment, when we are more in need of inspiration than ever before, it is a pity that we have to be, as it were, coaxed into taking it. There is little doubt that Greek mythology, which has been so fruitful a source of inspiration for so many ages, is now an exhausted mine; and, no matter how precious the ore once obtained from it, the mine cannot be expected to last for ever, and it seems as if, in these latter days, the time has come when it is necessary for new writers to seek inspiration elsewhere.

Although no legends are more beautiful and suggestive than the Greek ones, yet some are perhaps equally so. The legends of Greek literature have been made use of continually for so many hundreds of years, and by such a number of writers, capable and otherwise, that they have at last become somewhat hackneyed when used by modern poets and mediocre writers who can make even noble themes wearisome and lifeless. This utterly artificial style of writing reached its climax in the so-called Augustan Age of English Literature, when every woman was likened to a nymph or sylph, and both men and women were flattered in verses which proclaimed them gods and goddesses, no matter how unsuitable or ludicrous the comparison might be. At this period it seemed as if poetry were dead, and rhymed prose had taken its place. A school of writing had arisen which was good enough for its purpose, which seemed to be to flatter people of wealth and position, and to say smart things such as those in which Pope delighted.

It is not surprising, therefore, that it is almost beyond the power even of genius to throw new light on the figures in classical myths. It would seem now as if all that can be said of them has been said, and in the best manner possible to mortal poets; therefore, while still appreciating the splendid work of classical writers, the time has come when modern poets should turn attention to their native mythology. An unplumbed well of inspiration lies close to us. In the mythology and early history of the Celts, from whom so many of us claim descent, there can be found all passion and all romance in an atmosphere so old and far off and unremembered that it has become new and strange. The personalities and events in these legends also are naturally much better suited to the scenery and climate of this country than those of a southern country can be. Once known, the Celtic legends take firm possession of the sympathetic imagination, and open out a new world of thought and feeling to the student. It is true that many poets of distinction to-day draw their inspiration from these themes, but how few people really know anything about them, so that the reading public of the best modern poetry is very limited. Celtic mythology embodies all the deep mysticism, rich imagery and symbolism, and love of nature, for which the race has always been famous. Lady Gregory, Dr. Hyde, Professor Joyce, and a few others, have done much to popularise these legends. Their translations have become classics, and few books exist which have more charm, picturequeness, and novelty than "Gods and Fighting Men" and "Cuchulain of Muirthemne." Nor is it easy to find a better book for giving the reader a good general idea of the legends, and rousing him to enthusiasm on their behalf, than "The Mythology of the British Islands," by C. Squire. In this work the author says that Celtic mythology is "as splendid in conception and as brilliant in colour as that of the Greeks, and, even as it stands ruined, it is a mighty quarry from which poets yet unborn will hew spiritual marble for houses not made with hands."

Speaking of the Celtic Renaissance of late years, Mr. Squire says that it is "no more—and, indeed, no less—than an endeavour to refresh the vitality of English poetry at its most ancient native fount." Although this Renais-

sance has had a considerable influence, its sphere is limited to a small circle, and many have no idea of the neglected well-spring which lies close at hand, and would be a source of pleasure and inspiration if known. With books such as those named above, besides others within the reach of all, there is no longer any excuse for ignorance of names and stories which should be household words with us.

Mr. Stopford Brooke records as his opinion, in referring to the desirability for translations of the old Celtic tales, that he believes they will "open out English poetry to a new and exciting world, an immense range of subjects, entirely fresh, and full of inspiration—which may, like Arthur's tale, create poetry for another thousand years." Already the influence of MacPherson's Ossian and Lady Guest's translation of the Mabinogion have been widely felt, and, of course, the Celtic legends were used by Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King," though in their Norman-French form, where they gain in sentimentality and lose much of their vigour and wild poetry. But still comparatively few avail themselves of these treasure-houses so richly stored with untarnishable gold.

Not only are these legends full of fitting subjects for poets, but for artists also. They abound in picturesque expressions, dramatic situations, vivid colouring and descriptions. Take for instance the description of Etain when Eochaid, High King of Ireland, first saw her. She was dressed in a purple cloak with a silver fringe to it, over a dress of green silk embroidered with red gold, and fastened with clasps of gold and silver. Her hair was "like yellow flags in summer, or like red gold after it is rubbed." A further description of her occurs in "Gods and Fighting Men." "Her soft hands were as white as the snow of a single night, and her eyes as blue as any blue flower, and her lips as red as the berries of the rowan-tree, and her body as white as the foam of a wave. The bright light of the moon was in her face, the highness of pride in her eyebrows, a dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, the light of wooing in her eyes, and when she walked she had a step that was steady and even like the walk of a queen." The three beautiful and tragic stories, "The Fate of the Sons of Turenn," "The Fate of the Sons of Lir," and "Deirdre," which are called the Three Sorrows of Story-telling, are full of poetical suggestion. "Deirdre" has become famous beyond Gaeldom, and should be world-famous. She has been called the Celtic Helen, because of the destruction her wonderful beauty wrought, but she is far more lovable and noble than Helen, and was true to her love even unto death. The Celtic legends are full of thrilling and beautiful tales, such as the flight of Diarmuid and Grania from Finn, and the strange adventures that befell them; the love story of Midir and Etain; or those of the heroes of the Red branch, or the Fenian or Ossianic Cycles. Of these Mr. W. B. Yeats says: "I do not know in literature better friends and lovers."

In the Mabinogion there is a poetic story of a maiden called Blodeuwedd, or Flower-Face, who was created out of the blossoms of the oak, the meadow-sweet, and the blossoms of the broom. The same idea is also found in Gaelic legends, where Fand is made out of white blossoms gathered under a rainbow. Fand was loved by Cuchulain when he went to the Happy Plain, which is one of the Celtic names for Paradise. But when Emer, his wife, came to hear of this, there followed the noble dispute between herself and Fand. This was the only time that Emer ever showed any jealousy, yet the two women vie with each other in renunciation of the hero. This is the story as given by Mr. Squire in "The Mythology of the British Islands":

"Emer said to Cuchulain: 'I will not refuse this woman to you, if you long for her, for I know that everything that is new seems fair, and everything that is common seems bitter, and everything we have not seems desirable to us, and everything we have we think little of. And yet, Cuchulain, I was once pleasing to you, and I would wish to be so again.'

"By my word," he said, "you are pleasing to me, and will be as long as I live."

"Then let me be given up," said Fand. "It is better that I should be," replied Emer. "No," said Fand; "it is I who must be given up in the end."

"It is I who will go, though I go with great sorrow. I would rather stay with Cuchulain than live in the sunny house of the gods."

"O Emer, he is yours, and you are worthy of him! What my hand cannot have, my heart may yet wish well to."

"A sorrowful thing it is to love without return. Better to renounce than not to receive love equal to one's own."

The Celts believed that poetry was an immaterial form of flame, and Brigit, who was the goddess of poetry, was also the goddess of fire and the hearth, so that she was believed to light not only that fire which warmed the bodies of men, but also the divine fire in their souls. In the Mabinogion there is a curious story which tells of the Cauldron of Inspiration. This Cauldron had to be kept boiling continually for a year and a day, and then only yielded three drops of the magic fluid, so rare and precious was it. While in the Irish tales we read of a well below the sea over which nine sacred hazels grew and bore flowers and nuts at the same time. These nuts dropped into the well, and were eaten by the five salmon living there. If anyone was lucky enough to catch one of the salmon and eat it, as Finn did, he would then know all wisdom and all poetry. Seven streams of wisdom flowed from the well and returned to it again, and all who were skilled in the arts were said to have drunk from these streams.

Such are a few examples of the treasures to be found in these volumes. It is impossible to do justice to them in so short and slight a sketch. It should be remembered that these stories have been a source of inspiration to a few of our great poets, who have woven a glistening web of beauty from their strands, but we need new poets to arise and treat these legends as the Greek writers treated their legends. We cannot afford to neglect such a heritage.

CLOTH FAIR AND "THE LITTLE WONDER"

THE dull style, or lack of style, which characterises much of the modern building in London was once condemned by Mr. Palgrave, who complained of the "dead monotony of Gower or Harley Streets, the pale commonplace of Belgravia, Tyburnia, and Kensington." Matthew Arnold, too, said that "the architecture of Gower Street and Belgravia merely expresses the impotence of the architect to express anything." It is an open question whether many architects of the olden time intended any self-expression when they planned the curiously-shaped roofs and overhanging eaves of certain odd corners which still remain; however it be, the hand of time has joined with them to produce much that is full of beauty and quaintness. The first turning on the left above St. Bartholomew's Gate will bring us into the midst of a region which abounds with these qualities; it leads into the somewhat forbidding alley known as Cloth Fair, which was formerly entered by means of an archway.

At one time this was a prosperous part of the City of London—a good residential centre, inhabited by wealthy merchants and men of leading in commercial affairs. It was a great resort in the Middle Ages for country clothiers and London drapers; in those days, according to old papers, it was in the form of a T, the right end of the upper part running into Bartholomew Close, the left into the beginning of Long Lane. On the vigil of the eve of Saint Bartholomew suitable persons, chosen by the Court of the Merchant Taylors' Company, were in attendance here with a silver standard yard, "to see that a proper yard measure be used," as a historian of the period puts it, and to arrest and prosecute all such tradesmen as should be discovered to possess an "unlawful yard." As late as the year 1815 Cloth Fair was still occupied "chiefly by tailors, clothiers, and what are called piece-brokers, dealers in materials

for the use of tailors, and pieces or small remnants of cloth for repairs, etc."

From its zenith of prosperity it descended into a period of roguery and criminality, which its decrepit and shadowed appearance still, it must be admitted, suggests—especially on one of these gloomy winter evenings. The faces that peer from corners and the figures that hurry past are not particularly calculated to inspire confidence or cheer, especially if the visitor be gifted with a moderately vivid imagination. They probably belong, however, to most innocent individuals, for the neighbourhood is now quite harmless, and is given up to shops and tenements, and lodgings of men employed in factories or the adjoining market. Some of the shops are of a description rarely seen nowadays; there is a pipe-repairer with his bench and tools, working at his trade in full view; a "Fat and Bone Dépôt," which also specialises in canvas meat-sacks of preservative qualities; a tallow-chandler's establishment is to be seen, a working cutlery, and an old-fashioned rag-shop.

At one time Smithfield was a waste piece of swampy land, lying outside the boundary of the City proper, and in Cloth Fair itself houses have subsided without warning during the last seventy years, owing to the saturation of the soil at their foundations. One old place is said to have been a residence of the Earl of Warwick.

The narrowness of the roadway, and the overhanging eaves of some of the shops, give the street a most antiquated, story-book air, which is enhanced when the ancient "Dick Whittington" public-house is reached. This, by the way, is reputed to be the oldest licensed houses in London. We may be certain, at any rate, that the identical bar-parlour which now throws its gleams into the dusky atmosphere has held many tipplers from the heterogeneous crowd which attended the Fair of St. Bartholomew a hundred or two hundred years ago; and although the house next door has been pulled down, the curious and angular "Dick Whittington" still remains to mark the flight of centuries.

Just at the end of the turning which faces this antique hostelry stands another remarkable remnant that has somehow survived the eruption of huge warehouses all round—an eruption which annihilated its contemporaries. This is a small block of buildings bearing the title "The Little Wonder." The name comes, we believe, from the signboard of an inn which used to exist close at hand; the board is transferred to the first floor of a couple of tiny shops, from one of which issue the weirdest smells and the most extraordinary "baked meats" to be found, we should imagine, within the city. The other appears to shroud a repairer of tin pans and such-like utensils; but the windows are so smeared that often their contents become invisible.

What the original "Wonder" was, history sayeth not; but here is the old sign, and the island of antiquity rests undisturbed for a while, noted by few visitors, and of a fame which is limited to the curiosity of its contrast with the great erections which have risen so near to it. At night it seems ghostly enough to enrapture an enthusiastic emissary of the Society for Psychical Research, and one can very easily indulge the whim that it must be haunted. If so, how those worn, wooden staircases could creak, and what chilly breaths would drift to and fro through those frowsy, dilapidated rooms! Yet the ghost, we fear, would be of a very second-rate quality; he would undoubtedly carry a smudgy face and have untidy smears on his ethereal apparel; he would be none of your nice, dignified, chain-clanking spectres who must have a castle, a high battlement or two, a misty garden, and a long corridor for their ambitious midnight prowling. More likely would it be a phantom unwashed and unshaven, with a jemmy and a knuckle-duster and a Cockney accent for its unholy paraphernalia, and a ghostly sack full of swag from the nether regions swung across its unsubstantial shoulder—a shade more objectionable than the ordinary, well-behaved, respectable country-house visitant. Or it may be that we are too uncharitable in our musings; some

thin, weary woman-ghost comes, perhaps, night after night, to sit by that dingy upper window stitching, stitching, once against time, now against eternity, glancing up only when the pale dawn frets the smoky air and warns her to gather up her work and depart. Or is it a child—a little girl-child, peering up at the dim moon, singing some smaller wail to sleep in her arms? No one knows; but that there are ghosts who love these places no one could be rash enough to deny. Peace, then, and a long rest at last to all forlorn and wistful apparitions whose feet once trod these trembling stairs, whose tears once fell in human fashion, whose hands once wove, in glad or sorrowful ways, the fate of those unrestful years.

OUR LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In the throes of a General Election, forced upon us by an unpopular Government, and with many loyal members doing "their country's work," it is not at all surprising that we find business at a low ebb; but, with money plentiful, and Consols inclined to harden, we need not be without hope that there are brighter days ahead; at least, these are the sentiments I have had so often expressed to me during the past week, and with which I quite agree.

The usual fortnightly account, which we always seem to have with us, as the days pass so swiftly, has a tendency to reduce new commitments, and we had to face a sharp reaction in American Railways, due in a great measure to realisation by Trust pools, and a rumour to the effect that an attempt to boom Union Pacifics in Paris had failed. I do not believe in either statement, but excuses must be made, and so we must be satisfied. As I have to write this letter some days before it will be seen in print, it is difficult to forecast what things may be two or three days hence; but, notwithstanding Mr. Hill's doubts as to the future prospects of business in the States, I would sooner buy to hold than sell. That weak "bull" accounts have to be dealt with in Wall Street as well as Throgmorton Street we all must realise, and as a rule it is a healthy sign. The public will always over-speculate if you let them, as we found out in the Rubber boom. Stocks may, as they often do, fall from over inflation as much as from want of merit. Good stocks may get too high, as worthless ones may be manipulated beyond their worth, and these are points one has ever to keep in view.

The London General Omnibus Company report is out at last, and, although opinions may differ slightly as to its merits, the past year's result can be nothing but satisfactory to those shareholders who have waited so patiently for the turn in the tide which has at last rewarded them. In fact, the turn has been as remarkable as it was unexpected to many of us. It may be interesting to note that early in the year the Ordinary stock stood at 20; it is now nearer 60. This gratifying result is due chiefly to the great reduction in working expenses. There is not room in this letter to enter too deeply into figures, but it may be taken for granted that there is still room for improvement in the Ordinary stock. No mention is made in the report, however, as to depreciation of motors, but no doubt the chairman will tell us at the meeting what steps have been taken with regard to this very important point.

We all know Tobacco is a paying article, and many fortunes have been made over the pleasant weed. We have a report of one of the most recent additions to this industry—viz., "Carreras," a brand well known to most smokers. The net profits for the fifteen months to the end of October 31 last were £35,626, as against £19,473 for the previous twelve months—a very satisfactory result, which even Mr. Lloyd George could not prevent. The dividend has been raised to 10 per cent.

Another bank has gone, but one of little importance; but I hope these continual failures will lead to proper legislation in the future, in order to protect those who are so readily led astray by the comfortable-sounding title of "bank."

Home Railways have been quite a cheerful market, and some very good buying was noticeable in Great Northern Deferred and Brighton "A's," both stocks mentioned by me in previous letters. The reason for the buying was due to dividend prospects. Districts were also in favour, and, I think, are a good lock-up. The management has shown much enterprise of late, and a rise is quite deserved.

Now that we have got rid of the last account, which, by the way, was a nineteen-day one, always, for some reason, con-

sidered unlucky, or perhaps one should say too long, we must take a view of the present one; and, if I do not mistake signs, I think it will certainly be better than the last. There are plenty of quite good opportunities for the investor still to be had, especially in the Home Railway market, and the two stocks mentioned above offer, to my mind, a good chance of a rise during the next month or so, and we might add Coras.

The Rubber position remains satisfactory, and the Mincing Lane sales during the week show an advance of from 2d. to 4d. per lb. in the raw material. This is quite good. Smoked sheet fetched as much as 6s. 10d. a pound. There is now quite a long list of Rubber shares quoted, but one must be careful in selecting which to purchase. There can be no mistake in holding such shares as Vallambrosa, Selangor, Pataling, or Linggis for investment. We do not expect any important rise in this section till the turn of the year, but any shares bought now should be paid for, and not carried over, as money usually hardens up towards the close of the year, and then Contango rates may rule high.

Mines are quite lifeless, notwithstanding the return of Mr. Abe Bailey from South Africa. He has not yet started to move his specialities, but he is doubtless preparing his plans, and we shall soon learn what his intentions are by the market movements. It is expected he will favour the Rhodesian market, and I was glad to see that the output for October was so highly satisfactory. There have been some wide fluctuations in the Robert Victor Diamond Mine, on all kinds of rumours; but, from what I can gather from those who seem to know, this mine has great possibilities, now that they have got shaft A down to ninety feet, and then giving forty-two carats per 100 loads.

The first year of the Strand Palace Hotel has shown what Messrs. Lyons' foresight can do for their shareholders. The hotel was only opened in September, 1909, so the report shows 54½ weeks' trade. The profit is £41,717, quite a handsome return. This allowed of a dividend of 9 per cent. on the Participating Preferred Ordinary, as compared with the fixed rate of 7 per cent. The Deferred shares are entitled to a similar sum as dividend, which represents a distribution of 240 per cent., the total amount of the Deferred shares being only £5,000. The directors are so satisfied with these results that they have acquired a Crown building agreement, with a long lease, of a very valuable site situated near Regent Street and Glasshouse Street, where they intend to build a similar Palace Hotel to that erected in the Strand, and it should be equally successful under such exceptional management.

There was a successful meeting of the Nile Valley Gold Mining Company, Limited, showing that they had a good cash balance in hand, some £21,350. Carmen Mines of El Oro and Ventures should be held for higher prices, and Gwalia Props. are about to float a Bullfinch property.

The British Stamp Machines, Limited, is a new issue, and one worth notice, as it supplies a long-felt want. I have personally seen the machine at work at one of the most busy post-offices in the City, and can vouch for its usefulness. Full details will be seen on the back page. The shares look to me as being likely to have a substantial rise.—Yours faithfully,
FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE SCIENCE OF POETRY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—To deal separately with every point raised by your exasperated but entertaining correspondents would necessitate the writing of another article; the violent and explosive nature of their letters is, however, in itself indirect evidence that much of the review which so astonishingly excites them is pertinent.

One or two remarks I will reply to briefly. Mr. W. Durban notes that other reviewers, both here and in America, have praised "The Science of Poetry"; but it is no part of my task to follow the opinions of other people; indiscriminate eulogy is not worth the paper it is written upon. After a wide study of poetry from a literary and technical standpoint, extending over many years, I drew conclusions unfavourable to the author's work, expressed them, and thoroughly supported them by quotations—otherwise I admit my review would have been most unfair. If Mr. Durban cannot gain "an idea of the contents as well as the style of the volume" from my article, let him read it again—I am not responsible for his disabilities. If he has "never read a more serious

and thoughtful manual of the essential principles of both prose and poetical composition," I am not answerable for the limited amount of reading he has done. I set myself no "task" of selecting paragraphs for notice; they sprang to the eye.

Mr. Dana's ingenious criticism of my phrase relating to Shakespeare and Spencer gives me unqualified pleasure; he wrestles lustily with his thesis, but suffers rather a severe fall when he asserts that "the work of the engineer, and it alone, has saved the race from the stagnation of primitive savagery." He reminds me of a little boy I once saw charging headlong at a comrade, with uplifted fist, who tripped over a stone in the ecstasy of his onslaught, and sprawled most ingloriously. Comment upon so self-condemnatory a statement would be superfluous. On the second point, that of the poetic value of Mr. Maxim's original contributions in the way of verse, what man with any knowledge of poetry can possibly admit as "worthy of careful consideration" the examples which I quoted, or many others which I do not quote? It would be absurd for me to labour an argument on this matter. Of the "irrefutable logic" I gave one specimen.

Lastly, as to the charge of being "deliberately unjust," there is hardly any need for a member of the staff of THE ACADEMY to defend himself against that. An apology is due from Mr. Dana to you for those words. Insolence inspired by irritation—however genuine the latter may be—can only be passed over in silence.—I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—May I announce through your columns that an authentic biography of Thomas Love Peacock is now being prepared? It will be esteemed a favour if any persons possessing unpublished letters by him will communicate with his granddaughter, Mrs. Charles Clarke, 63, Kensington Mansions, Earl's Court, W.

CARL VAN DOREN.

63, Guilford Street, Russell Square, W.C.

November 22, 1910.

"THE KINGDOM OF KENNAQUHAIR."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—My attention has just been called to a somewhat lengthy article appearing in THE ACADEMY of October 22 on the subject of the musical play, "The Kingdom of Kennaquhair," now being performed, and which, on November 15, had been performed 100 times, at this theatre. Although I am inclined to question the accuracy of certain of the statements contained in that article, its banter is far from being unpleasant, and there are some references in it to myself which I feel to be really complimentary. It occurs to me, however, to inform the writer of it (1) that the late Queen Victoria had been on the throne some years before I made my first appearance on the stage of life, and that nearly half of her long reign had passed before I first entered into theatrical management; (2) that, leaving a few pieces by Shakespeare, Sheridan, Garrick, Foote, and Jerrold, and dramatic adaptations from the works of Dickens out of the question, nearly all of the pieces—amounting to upwards of fifty—which I, then, and during seven or eight subsequent years, produced and reproduced, belonged not to the early, but to the mid-Victorian period; (3) that the verses in the song "Fair Devon's Apple Trees" are not "innumerable," but that their number, which it does not require an exceptionally good arithmetician to count, is five; and (4) that, although I have no special admiration of the "landed gentry" as a class, I have no unreasonable prejudice against them, and have no grounds for complaining that I have been "treated badly" by them, and I may add that, according to "Kelly's Handbook to the Landed Classes" and "Walford's County Families," I am one of that class myself.—Yours faithfully,
Royalty Theatre, W.
November 21, 1910.

W. H. C. NATION.

[Mr. Nation is perfectly right. The references to himself in the article to which he refers were complimentary. As he so charmingly points out, the article contained several slight inaccuracies, for which I offer him my sincere apologies. Although, as it turns out, Mr. Nation did not enter the arena in theatrical management until the Victorian era was in its prime, the fact remains that his present programme at the Royalty Theatre is deliciously early Victorian, and I am glad of the opportunity to repeat my urgent appeal to all students of archaic things to hasten to Dean Street to witness the performance of "The Kingdom of Kennaquhair."]

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.]

TO ARTISTS: The Electric Supply Publicity Committee, Moorgate Court, E.C., are desirous of obtaining original designs for Posters, Showcards, Leaflets, etc., illustrating the various uses of Electricity (Lighting, Heating, Cooking, etc.) Any sketches submitted need only be in rough form. Any further particulars on receipt of postcard, or an interview would be arranged.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the British Patent No. 14375 of 1908 for an invention for a machine for automatically cutting, damping, and affixing postage stamps to letters, newspapers, and other packages, and which is known as the "Rex" Automatic Postage Stamping Machine, together with the benefit of two applications, for which provisional protection has been granted, and the benefit of all future improvements made by the inventors.

By means of this machine the operation of affixing the stamp is effected by merely depressing a lever. The stamps are wound on a reel in sheets containing six or more stamps along the width. In practical use the machine will hold at one time 50,000 stamps or more, but any less number can be used. Each machine is enclosed in a locked cover, and is fitted with a visible device which automatically registers the number of stamps used. Only the holder of the key of the machine can have access either to the stamps or the recorder, and it is impossible to affix a stamp without the fact being shown on the recorder, thus protecting the owner from pilfering.

The "Rex" Machine is unique, as the invention covers a device by which the carriage holding the roll of stamps travels automatically backwards and forwards, placing a fresh stamp under the cutters each time until the whole roll is exhausted. Practically all machines previously devised only cut stamps off a single strip, so that before the stamps can be placed in the machine the sheets have to be torn in strips and joined together, involving not only a considerable loss of time and spoiled stamps, but also great difficulty in counting the number of stamps on the roll placed in the machine, whereas the "Rex" Machine can be made to hold sheets any number of stamps wide, although in practice it has been found that sheets six stamps wide are the most convenient. It has been found in actual practice that a boy without previous knowledge of the machine can, after a few hours' practice, by its means affix stamps at the rate of approximately 3,000 an hour; and, as stamps can only be separated and affixed in the ordinary way, even by a well-trained hand, at the rate of about 750 an hour, the commercial advantages of this machine will be apparent. Many firms despatch large numbers of letters every night, and in order to catch the post the office is disorganised. By the use of the "Rex" Postage Stamping Machine one operator can cope with any post and thus save the payment of late fees.

It is well known that the employment of time and labour-saving machinery is essential in all successful businesses under modern methods. From the saving in time and space effected by using this machine it is obvious that the demand must be enormous. Banks, Insurance Companies, Advertising Contractors, Brokers, Auctioneers, Drapers and all businesses despatching large numbers of letters and circulars will require it.

The machine has been shown to a few of the most important commercial houses, who immediately expressed a desire to have the machines; and, although no steps

have so far been taken to place the machine on the market, orders have in fact been received for immediate delivery of the machines, and a very large number of inquiries are in hand, including one for thirty machines from one establishment.

The machine can also be operated on the well-known Penny-in-the-slot method. With a machine so constructed, stamps can be obtained at any hour of the day or night. The machine obviates the objectionable operation of licking the stamps.

One of these machines has been in use in the Throgmorton Avenue Post Office, London, E.C., one of the busiest Post Offices in the City (this office having been suggested by the Postal Authorities) since September 26 last, where it has been very largely used by the Public with absolute success. This pattern of machine should be useful in Hotels, Restaurants, Departmental Stores, etc., as not only affording a convenience to customers, but saving the time of attendants and others.

On a sale of 2,000 of these office machines only per annum, A CLEAR ANNUAL NET PROFIT OF AT LEAST £15,000 SHOULD BE AVAILABLE, in addition to further profits to be derived from the sale or hire of the penny-in-the-slot machines referred to above.

In view of the very marked advantages which would be derived by the Post Office as a Department, and by the general public if the penny-in-the-slot machines were installed generally in busy Post Offices, Railway Stations, large Stores, and other Retail Establishments, the Directors feel they are justified in anticipating that there should be a very large field of operations open to them in this direction from which additional large profits should result.

Messrs. Carpmel and Co., the well-known Patent Agents, have reported with regard to the Patent as follows:—

"We have carefully considered the amended specification of the Patent No. 14375 of 1908, granted to Frederick Meyer, for 'An improved means for detaching Postage Stamps, Labels, and the like from sheets and affixing same to postal matter or any desired object.'

"In our opinion, the invention claimed is novel, and the patent is valid." Mr. A. J. Walter, K.C., advising on a case prepared by Messrs. Carpmel and Co., has given his opinion as follows:—

"I have carefully considered the specification of Meyer 14375/08 and the earlier documents placed before me. I do not find the invention covered by any of Meyer's claims disclosed in any of the earlier documents, and so far as anything placed before me is concerned, Meyer's Patent is novel, and affords good subject matter for Letters Patent."

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors may proceed to allotment is fixed by the Articles of Association at the nominal amount of £100, but as 40,000 Shares of this issue have been underwritten, the Directors will proceed to allotment on the closing of the Lists.

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